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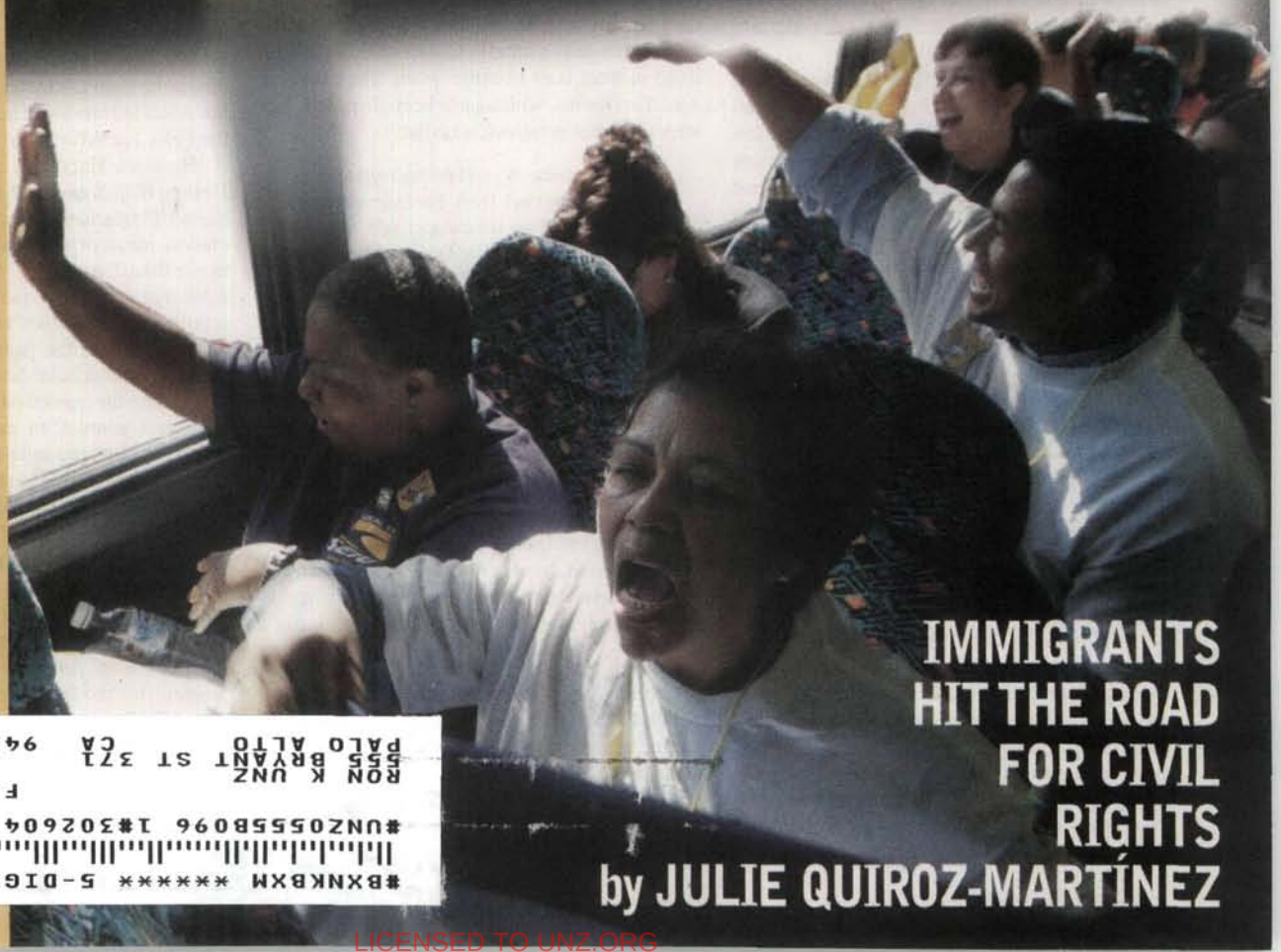

IMMIGRANTS HIT THE ROAD FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

by JULIE QUIROZ-MARTÍNEZ

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CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

'Plagiarized!' 'Total Nonsense...'

Cambridge, Mass.

■ Alexander Cockburn's politically motivated claim that I "plagiarized" from Joan Peters is total nonsense ["Beat the Devil," Oct. 13]. Let's begin with what is undisputed: Every word written by others appears *with* quotation marks, is cited to their original or secondary sources and is quoted accurately. This means that they are not plagiarized. James Freedman, the former president of Dartmouth and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, has concluded, after reviewing the relevant material, that what I did was "simply not plagiarism, under any reasonable definition of that word."

Cockburn's claim is that *some* of the quotes should not have been cited to their *original* sources but rather to a *secondary* source, where he believes I stumbled upon them. Even if he were correct that I found all these quotations in Peters's book, the preferred method of citation is to the original source, as the *Chicago Manual of Style* emphasizes: "With all reuse of others' materials, it is important to identify the original as the source. This...helps avoid any accusation of plagiarism...To cite a source from a secondary source ('quoted in...') is generally to be discouraged...."

It is especially cynical that Cockburn would have me cite the quotes to Peters, since Norman Finkelstein—his source—has alleged that Peters herself originally found these and other quotes in *earlier* books. Should I have cited those books? That is why citing the original source is preferred.

I came across the quoted material in several secondary sources. They appear frequently in discussions of nineteenth-century Palestine. The Mark Twain quote, highlighted by Cockburn, appears in many books about the subject. I came across it in 1970 while preparing a debate about Israel for *The Advocates*. Cockburn also points out that I quote some of the same material from the *Peel Report* that Peters quotes, but he fails to mention that I also use many quotes from the report that do not appear in Peters's book. I read the entire report and decided which parts to quote. I rely heavily on the *Peel Report*, devoting an entire chapter (Six) to its findings. They are quoted directly, with proper attribution.

Cockburn refers to Finkelstein's "devastating chart," which compares several quotes from my books with quotes from Peters's book. By juxtaposing these quotes, he makes it appear that I am borrowing words from *her*. But these are all quotes—properly cited in my book—*from third parties*. Of course they are similar, or the same. One does not change a quote. And since I did find some of the quotes in Peters's book, as she found them in others, it should come as no surprise that the ellipses are sometimes similar or the same.

It is important to recall that my book is a brief for Israel. It does not purport to be a work of original demographic research, as Peters's does. A few pages are devoted to summarizing the demographic history, and these pages rely heavily on quotes from others to make my points. I found most of my quotes in secondary sources. When I was able to locate the primary source, I quoted it. When I was unable, I cited the secondary source. Contrary to Cockburn's implication that I cited Peters once, I cited her eight times in the first eighty-nine pages (Ch. 2, fn 31, 35; Ch. 5, fn 8; Ch. 12, fn 34, 37, 38, 44, 47). Of my more than 500 references, fewer than a dozen were found in Peters and cited to original sources. Although we use a few of the same sources—and we each use many sources not used by the other—I come to different conclusions from Peters about important issues. As I made clear in my book, "I do not in any way rely on" Peters's conclusions or demographic data for my arguments. Peters's basic conclusion is that only a small number of Palestinians lived in what later became Israel. She provides specific figures, which have been disputed. My very different conclusion is that:

> There have been two competing mythologies about Palestine circa 1880. The extremist Jewish mythology, long since abandoned, was that Palestine was "a land without people, for a people without a land." The extremist Palestinian mythology, which has become more embedded with time, is that in 1880 there was a Palestinian people; some even say a Palestinian nation that was displaced by the Zionist invasion.
>
> The reality, as usual, lies somewhere in between. Palestine was certainly not a land empty of all people. It is impossible to reconstruct the demographics of the area with any degree of precision, since census data for that time period are not reliable, and most attempts at reconstruction—by both Palestinian and Israeli sources—seem to have a political agenda.

I offer very different and rougher estimates, which Cockburn and Finkelstein do not challenge, as they do Peters's. How then can I be accused of plagiarizing ideas or conclusions with which I disagree, from a book that I cite eight times, using the preferred form of citation?

Why then would Cockburn attack me so viciously? The answer is in his sentence bemoaning the fact that a pro-Israel book is "slithering into the upper tier of Amazon's sales charts." He disapproves of my message and of the fact that it is reaching a wide audience. Instead of debating me on the merits, he has tried to destroy my credibility with a false accusation. (This is not the first time he and Finkelstein have gotten together and employed this tactic against people with whom they disagree.)

Let people read *The Case for Israel* and judge it for themselves against Cockburn's charges. I have sent his attack and my response to President Summers. I have nothing to fear from false charges.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

COCKBURN REPLIES

London

■ Every time he tries to leap to firmer ground, defending the rotten standards of scholarship in his rotten book, Dershowitz sinks in deeper. Start with his defiant declaration from the dock that he did not commit plagiarism because "every word written by others appears *with* quotation marks, is cited to their original or secondary sources and is quoted accurately." This skates (rather clumsily, I have to say) round the question of what source Dershowitz actually did use for his citation and whether or not he acknowledged it. Often he used Peters and pretended he didn't, which would get him into very hot water at Harvard if he were a student and not the Felix Frankfurter Professor.

Here are Harvard's own rules, set forth in *Writing With Sources: A Guide for Harvard Students*: "Plagiarism is passing off a source's information, ideas, or words as your own by omitting to cite them." And also: "When quoting or citing a passage you found quoted or cited by another scholar, and you haven't actually read the original source, cite the passage as 'quoted in' or 'cited in' that scholar both to credit that person for finding the quoted passage or cited text, and to protect yourself in case he or she has misquoted or misrepresented...."

I discussed only Dershowitz's first two chapters, as dissected by Norman Finkelstein, his nemesis in this affair, who points out that twenty-two of the fifty-two footnotes to these chapters are lifted from Peters without attribution. Finkelstein recently laid waste Dershowitz's attempts at self-exculpation in the *Harvard Crimson*. As Finkelstein points out, one problem for the beleaguered prof comes in the form of ellipses. Dershowitz echoes Peters's ellipses. Another problem identified by Finkelstein: For Twain, Dershowitz cites from one edition and Peters from another, but the page numbers he cites are from Peters's edition, not his. So

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EDITORIALS

California on the Edge

"Change is the order of the day," Oakland Mayor Jerry Brown declared after California voters recalled Governor Gray Davis and replaced him with film star Arnold Schwarzenegger. Brown is right. Conservative commentators were spinning like crazy to make the election of the socially liberal Schwarzenegger—by voters who also rejected the affirmative action–baiting Proposition 54—a win for their brand of Republicanism. But this was no traditional Democrat-versus-Republican fight. Most California voters told exit pollsters they think Schwarzenegger did not fully address the issues, but they figured he was an outsider and a moderate and they were mad enough about the economy to roll the dice on a self-proclaimed reformer.

Most Californians thought they were engaging in the classic political act of throwing the bums out. Gray Davis was a limp bureaucrat who secured the governorship of the nation's most populous state by grabbing special-interest money and running campaigns so crudely negative that even Democrats balked. He governed accordingly, sacrificing principle and the public interest in favor of pay-to-play politics and self-serving pragmatism. It is a measure of California's discomfort with the abuse of the recall option that millions of voters who opposed Davis voted to keep him as governor. But Davis was always a poor vehicle for progressive aspirations and susceptible to defeat by a political newcomer who promised something akin to reform.

Schwarzenegger's election was not the product of direct democracy, driven by grassroots organizing and a real program for reform. It turned on the faux populism of celebrity. It was frothy, shallow, media-driven and featured politics as entertainment. Schwarzenegger played the role of reformer well enough to tap into "this longing for real change," said Arianna Huffington, who saw through his act, as will most Californians. Schwarzenegger's campaign was slathered with special-interest contributions. His ties to the energy corporations—including a meeting with Enron's Ken Lay—should inspire skepticism about whether politics-as-usual lost on October 7 or just got a new face.

No wonder the Bush White House is still trying to figure out the revolution in the West. Before, California was a bankrupt state run by a Democrat. Now, it's going to be a bankrupt state run by a Republican. Schwarzenegger is about to learn that it is mathematically impossible to balance the budget while keeping his promises to hold the line on taxes and maintain education funding. And the charges of sexual misconduct that surfaced at the end of the campaign—rather than at the beginning, when they might have undermined his appeal to the Republican base and independents—could yet exact a toll. So there are no guarantees that Schwarzenegger will be more help to Bush in 2004 than the Republican governors of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois were in 2000, when Bush lost those states.

What the Bush team should really fear, however, is that more than 80 percent of voters polled Tuesday said the state's economy was in a bad way. Economic unrest is not confined to California. Don't doubt that anger with inept, special-interest-drenched politicians who run up huge deficits could go national. Indeed, if voters get in the habit of throwing the bums out, they might just toss out the Bum in Chief.

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COMMENT

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Total Recall

Los Angeles

The people of California have spoken. And by shouting out the two words "Governor Schwarzenegger" they have set off one more political earthquake, whose vibrations are sure to be felt from Sacramento to Washington, DC. Turning out in much higher numbers than for last fall's general election, and often after waiting for more than ninety minutes to cast their ballots, a double-digit majority voted to yank Gray Davis from the Statehouse and replace him with the Austrian-born Terminator.

For two decades, the dour Davis built a successful political career by making himself a bit less unpalatable than the other guy—until now. The energy crisis, a black hole budget deficit, a tripling of the car tax, education cuts, 30–40 percent tuition hikes and a money-for-influence ethic that showcased political backscratching rather than leadership drove Davis's popularity ratings down into the Yeltsin-like mid-20s.

Too many liberal and progressive activists misjudged the recall revolt and wound up on the wrong side of a populist tsunami. Instead of validating the raw voter anger and deep dissatisfaction that fueled the anti-Davis backlash, they discounted the recall as an illegitimate GOP "power grab." That theory was soundly rebuked by the sheer numbers. Schwarzenegger received more votes than those cast against the recall, and by the time all the ballots are counted he'll get more votes than Davis did in his narrow re-election last November.

Nor did a strategic chunk of the traditional Democratic base buy their leaders' warnings that the recall was Florida redux. Democrats make up 44 percent of the state's registered voters but accounted for only 38 percent of Tuesday's votes. One in four Democrats voted to sack Davis. And ignoring a $10 million pro-Davis push by the state labor leadership, half of union households voted to oust the governor, as did nearly half of Latino voters and almost 30 percent of blacks. Forty-two percent of the gay and lesbian vote favored recall, as did 24 percent of self-described liberals. Headlines about Schwarzenegger's alleged groping didn't deter 43 percent of women from voting for him, compared with 36 percent for the listless Democrat Cruz Bustamante (no doubt, Democratic apologies for Bill Clinton's sex scandals paved the way for a collective Big Shrug over Arnold's sins).

But mostly, Democrats have to ask themselves how it's possible that the Republican Schwarzenegger—who took in $10 million in corporate contributions—was able to claim the populist mantle of slayer of special interests. Why, on the closing weekend of the campaign, did 10,000 Schwarzenegger supporters, rather than a legion of reformers and progressives, surround the lobbyist-infested state capitol? There are 78 million answers—one for each dollar in contributions raised by Davis in his last campaign. Therein lies a cautionary tale for Democrats and progressives—the price of wedding themselves to the poster boy of big-money politics, Gray Davis, was too high. With all his obvious flaws and hypocrisies, Arnold Schwarzenegger just looked better, and cleaner.

Republicans might also take a few lessons from the triumph of the Terminator. Schwarzenegger's socially moderate, pro-

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COMMENT

choice, pro-gay, pro-education positions allowed him a much broader appeal than the previous two, failed, ultraconservative GOP gubernatorial candidates. The rise of Arnold could potentially drag the Neanderthal wing of the California Republican Party closer to the state's majority sensibilities. Nor should the Bushies develop too many illusions about Arnold's significance: Bush's prospects of winning Democrat-heavy California next year, even with Arnold in the governor's mansion, remain slim to none.

Further, California's voter revolt has implications way beyond the person of Gray Davis. The more astute Republican analysts have already acknowledged its decidedly anti-incumbent tinge. Said Allan Hoffenblum, a moderate GOP strategist, "If Californians had the constitutional right to recall all 120 members of the state legislature they probably would have done that too."

MARC COOPER

Marc Cooper is a Nation *contributing editor.*

Leak: Slime, Not Crime?

"I want to know." So says George W. Bush *now*, speaking about the source of the leak that revealed that the wife of former Ambassador Joseph Wilson is a CIA operative. But when conservative columnist Robert Novak published an article on July 14 citing "senior administration officials" that blew the cover of Valerie Wilson (née Plame), Bush showed no interest in finding out anything about the leak—a leak that may have undermined national security (she was reportedly a clandestine officer working on weapons counterproliferation); a leak that appeared to be aimed at punishing or discrediting Wilson, who had challenged White House Iraq policy, especially its prewar use of the claim that Saddam Hussein had been shopping for uranium in Africa. (Writing for *The Nation* and its website on July 16, I was first to report that the Novak column was evidence of a possible White House crime.)

It was only after the CIA requested, two months later, that the Justice Department investigate the anti-Wilson leak that Bush and the White House paid public attention to it. They had to—the probe was on the front page. And the *Washington Post*, quoting a "senior administration official," reported that "two top White House officials" had contacted at least six journalists, trying to get them to run with the leak. Still, at this point Bush, according to press secretary Scott McClellan, elected not to whistle his staff into his office and demand they tell him if they were involved in the leak. He wants to know—but he'll leave the inquiry to John Ashcroft's Justice Department, not a special counsel.

What *does* Bush want to know? The Wilson matter is not only about a possible criminal leak. It may well turn out that under the Intelligence Identities Protection Act—which makes it a crime for someone with access to classified information to reveal the identity of a covert officer—the leakers are not open to prosecution. For instance, the leakers might have informally learned of Valerie Wilson's identity and not realized she was or had been under cover. But that's a matter for independent-minded investigators to determine, not Bush-friendly TV pundits who cry that they see no scandal here.

Criminality, however, is not the sole issue. The early evidence suggests that the White House—whether directly behind the leak or not—did try to exploit it. McClellan has claimed that the White House and the President did not respond to the Novak column because they do not "chase down every anonymous report in the newspaper." Even after *Time* magazine (three days after the Novak column) reported that "some government officials" had told it that Valerie Wilson was a CIA counterproliferation officer and *Newsday* (five days later) said that "intelligence officials" had confirmed her secret employment at the CIA, the White House took no steps to deal with the leak. Not that it hadn't noticed. NBC News's Andrea Mitchell told *Newsweek* that following the Novak column's appearance, White House officials were touting it. And about that time Karl Rove had a private conversation with *Hardball* host Chris Matthews in which Rove either said Wilson's wife was "fair game" or that it was reasonable for the press to look at Valerie Wilson's position. (The details are in dispute, and Matthews won't talk.)

The White House, it seems, was not ignoring the leak because of its anonymous origins, as McClellan suggested; it was *pushing* the story—amplifying the leak rather than containing it. That may not be a crime. But it is an ugly act—especially for an Administration that claims to operate by the highest ethical standards and claims to be vehemently opposed to leaking. But the White House won't discuss that part of the scandal. When reporters questioned McClellan about the conversation between Matthews and Rove, he replied, "The subject of this investigation is whether someone leaked classified information.... Some see this as a political opportunity to attack the White House." These unnamed parties, he complained, are "moving the goal post and talking about issues that are not the subject of the investigation."

What, exactly, is wrong with that? It's legitimate to ask if the patriots in the White House eagerly exploited a leak that potentially harmed national security. That may be where Rove and the Gang are most vulnerable—politically, if not legally. "We welcome a good, honest, straightforward debate," says McClellan. "We welcome those who differ with our views." But does his definition of "welcome" include orchestrating or abetting the destruction of the career of someone married to a White House critic? The public—and the Wilson family—deserve straightforward answers, not platitudes, on what happened before and after that leak.

DAVID CORN

9/11 and the LA 8

The next time you hear Attorney General Ashcroft dismiss complaints about civil liberties abuses under the USA Patriot Act as "built on misrepresentation, supported by unfounded fear [and] held aloft by hysteria," consider the plight of Khader Hamide and Michel Shehadeh. Born in the West Bank, both men came to the United States in their college years and have now lived here thirty-two and twenty-four years, respectively. They are lawful

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permanent residents and hard-working fathers—Hamide supplies luxury coffee shops; Shehadeh runs an Italian restaurant. They have never been charged with even the most minor criminal offense. Yet in September they learned that the government will seek their deportation under the Patriot Act for distributing Palestinian magazines and raising humanitarian aid in Los Angeles more than twenty years ago.

Such activity was legal at that time, and it is plainly protected by the First Amendment. Yet the Bush Administration claims that the Patriot Act authorizes the government to deport the two men.

To be sure, Hamide and Shehadeh's troubles did not begin with the Patriot Act, or even with this Administration. Immigration authorities arrested them sixteen years ago with five other young Palestinians and a Kenyan woman—dubbed the "LA 8" by the media—on charges of being affiliated with the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, then the second-largest faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The government claimed that the PFLP advocated world communism, making affiliation with it a deportable offense under the McCarran-Walter Act. At the time FBI Director William Webster testified before Congress that none of the eight had engaged in any criminal activity, and that had they been US citizens there would have been no basis for their arrest.

In 1989, in a case I litigated with the Center for Constitutional Rights, the National Lawyers Guild and the ACLU, a federal judge declared the McCarran-Walter Act charges unconstitutional. The following year Congress repealed that McCarthy-era law. The government nonetheless pursued deportation under new charges. The federal courts next barred the deportations on the grounds that the government, in violation of the First Amendment, had selectively targeted the group for constitutionally protected political activities. In 1996, however, Congress stripped federal courts of authority to hear selective-enforcement challenges to deportation, and in 1999 the Supreme Court ruled that the cases could go forward.

The Administration's Patriot Act charges render foreign nationals deportable for providing "material support" to any group of two or more that has threatened to use or has used a weapon with intent to endanger person or property. The government need not show that the support has any connection to terrorist activity. In the Orwellian land of the Patriot Act, distributing magazines becomes "material support." And it gets worse. At the same time, the Administration also announced that it would seek Hamide and Shehadeh's deportation under the original McCarran-Walter Act charges. The statute still technically applies, because its repeal did not affect pending cases.

But what interest does the government have in enforcing a statute that punishes speech and association, was declared unconstitutional fourteen years ago and was repealed by Congress thirteen years ago?

It's all in the name of the "war on terrorism," the government will say. But the LA 8 case, seen in Arab-American communities as the prime example of US hostility toward Arab immigrants, has probably done more to undermine that effort than any case in the past twenty years. Immigrants from all over the world have come here, distributed magazines discussing the conflicts back home and sent charitable donations there as well. But the only immigrants in deportation proceedings for doing so for at least a quarter-century have been pro-Palestinian activists.

The vendetta against the LA 8 was a critical reason for the Arab community's deep distrust of the government even before 9/11. The cost of that distrust became clear in the aftermath of the attacks, as the government, evidently with no idea where the terrorist threats might lie, rounded up several thousand Arab and Muslim foreign nationals who had nothing to do with terrorism—further alienating the communities it most needs to cultivate. The latest chapter in the LA 8 case, courtesy of the Patriot Act, will do nothing to make us more secure—and much to make us less free.

DAVID COLE

David Cole, The Nation*'s legal affairs correspondent, is author of* Enemy Aliens: Double Standards and Constitutional Liberties in the War on Terrorism *(New Press). He represents the LA 8.*

CALVIN TRILLIN

THE PRESIDENT'S RESPONSE TO THE REPORT STATING THAT NO WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION HAVE BEEN FOUND IN IRAQ

The President now says that Kay's report—
Which plainly states that weapons of the sort
The White House said Iraq had all around
Cannot, despite a thorough search, be found—
Confirms that we were right to go to war
To smash those weapons flat forevermore.
You say that makes no sense? Well, you can
grouse,
But then it's possible they'll smear your spouse.

Blair, Triumphant

Bournemouth

In the end, Tony Blair had nothing to fear but fear itself. As the Labour Party assembled for its annual conference here on Britain's Yiddish Riviera, the news looked grim. The final days of the Hutton Inquiry revealed that Blair had not only taken the country to war on the basis of "sexed-up" intelligence about the Iraqi threat, he had done so despite intelligence warnings that a war with Iraq might actually increase the danger of terrorist attacks. Leaks from the Iraq Survey Group made it clear that none of the weapons Blair cited in his speech to Parliament last year

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COMMENT

had been found. And in the Brent East by-election, where a safe Labour majority of 13,000 votes in the last election simply evaporated this September in the face of a Liberal Democrat challenger who emphasized her party's opposition to the war, the handwriting on the wall couldn't have been much plainer.

Yet the Tony Blair who spoke here barely even paid lip service to the damage done to his own—and his party's—credibility by the war. "I know many people are disappointed, hurt, angry," he told the delegates, but though Blair felt their pain, "I would take

(Continued on Page 31)

In Fact . . .

NEIL POSTMAN

Neil Postman, who died October 5, was author of many well-known books on language and education, a contributor to this magazine and a valued member of its editorial board (though he did not always agree with our editorials on Israel). He was our house McLuhanite. At one meeting, speaking on technology, he delivered a lecture on automatic car windows. Why were they needed? He'd always thought rolling up the window by hand crank was perfectly satisfactory. You realized that if you thought about the need for automatic car windows a few days, you'd cover all the social, economic and moral issues of modern capitalist technology. He liked to say, "What is the question to which this is the answer?" As professor of culture and communication at New York University, Postman was a foe of language pollution. "If we are to resolve some of our more reachable, moral, social, and political problems," he once wrote, "we will require, as precondition, a relatively clean semantic environment." In a *Nation* essay on TV news he observed, "If knowledge is power, if the function of information is to modify or provide direction to action, then it is almost precisely true that TV news shows give nearly no information and even less knowledge. Except of course through their commercials. One can be told about Bounty, Braniff and Burger King, and then do something in relation to them.... Everything on a TV news show is arranged so that it is unnecessary, undesirable and, in any event, very difficult to attend to the sense of what is depicted." Neil Postman fought for meaning against obfuscation. He insisted that clarity of thought requires clarity of language. He made us think about the cultural consequences of technological change.

THE BOSS ON BUSH

Our rock writer reports: During his October 1 concert at Shea Stadium in New York, Bruce Springsteen threw some jabs at the President. He led off the evening by playing a tape loop of Bush, repeating over and over "weapons of mass destruction, war and peace." Then Springsteen pointedly sang "Souls of the Departed." Later, exhorting the crowd to up the volume during a singalong, he shouted: "A little louder if you want to impeach the President!"

STREET OF SLEAZE

TV review by national affairs correspondent William Greider: *K Street*, the new HBO docudrama about a lobbying firm, is a vivid (and disgusting) expression of our decayed democracy. I don't know whether Americans distant from Washington find this entertaining. I find it borderline obscene. The amorality of money-driven Washington is accurately depicted, though in a shallow manner designed not to piss off any truly important players. But what induces elected reps like Barbara Boxer to participate in fictionalizing their own public lives? A hunger for flattering attention, probably. The sad inner truth of modern Washington is that even senators, their actions and ideas, are generally ignored. They have become bit players in the drama concocted by lobbyists and narcissistic political consultants.

THIS WEEK ON THE WEB

Doug Henwood parses the protests and trade talks in Cancún (www.thenation.com).

SELECTIVE POLLING

The spinning of a recent Gallup poll of Iraqi attitudes toward the US occupation reveals once again that in Washington, this is the Gang That Can't Talk Straight. Nearly two-thirds of the Iraqis questioned told Gallup that their sufferings have been worth it because Saddam Hussein was ousted, and 67 percent believe life will be better in five years. These findings were cited by US proconsul Paul Bremer, Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz and *New York Times* columnist William Safire, among others. None of these gentlemen cited the poll's other findings, namely, that only 33 percent of Iraqis said they were better off after the invasion, while 47 percent said they were worse off. Only 29 percent of Baghdad residents had a favorable view of the United States, compared with 55 percent with a favorable view of France.

RUSH, WE HARDLY KNEW YE

Matt Bivens's Outrage of the Week: Rush Limbaugh, the lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key radio personality—who just lost his ESPN football-commentator gig over his musings on how easy it is for black quarterbacks—is under investigation for illegally buying and using prescription drugs. (Could he have gotten addicted to painkillers battling the anal cyst that let him out of the Vietnam-era draft?) All is not lost for Rush, of course. I see him collaborating on a new *Book of Virtues* with Bill Bennett. Governor Schwarzenegger can write the foreword [read Bivens on www.thenation.com]. *Addendum.* On his show Rush uses substance abuse to tar his enemies: "All [Maureen Dowd] has now is bourbon for mouthwash, and it's showing on her columns." (October 21, 2002) "To Ted Kennedy, whose liver is said to be shaped like a Chivas Regal bottle, what Bush said and what's best for America and the Iraqis doesn't matter." (September 23, 2003)

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JONATHAN SCHELL

Accountability

"...interviews last week with historians, advertising executives, pollsters and Democratic and Republican image-makers turned up this consensus: Mr. Bush has to do a better job—or at least a more extensive job—of selling Americans on Iraq and the American occupation, no matter what anyone might think of the policy itself." —Elizabeth Bumiller, New York Times, *"Hard Sell: In a Democracy, the President Is Also Salesman in Chief"*

"Everything that happened yesterday is irrelevant." —Advice for Bush from G. Clotaire Rapaille, a French-born medical anthropologist who has done psychological consumer research for Seagram, Procter & Gamble and Ford, quoted in the same article

A year has passed since Congress authorized George W. Bush to launch a war against the regime of Saddam Hussein in Iraq. Each of the justifications for the war put forward by the Administration has now proved either entirely imaginary or so remote as to appear fanciful. The President said that the United States must go to war because Iraq possessed weapons of mass destruction and was ready to use them, but the American team, led by David Kay, sent to discover those weapons has now, after four months of searching, had to report that it has found none. The President said that Saddam gave support to Al Qaeda, but no such support has been demonstrated. The President said he was going to war to establish a democracy in Iraq so splendid that all the Middle East would emulate it (Iraq would be "a dramatic and inspiring example of freedom for other nations in the region," he said in February), but six months after the war's end Iraq remains virtually without a government, and resistance to the American occupation is on the rise. The United States has been led into war on false pretexts before. A case in point is the provoked and falsified attacks on American naval vessels in the Tonkin Gulf, which were used to stampede Congress into voting for the Tonkin resolution authorizing the Vietnam War. But never before has an Administration's entire justification for war—not just its triggering incident—proved to be a mirage. (In Vietnam, the National Liberation Front and North Vietnam really were seeking to take over South Vietnam, and did so. In Iraq, by contrast, there really are no known weapons of mass destruction or known support for Al Qaeda.)

All this has by now been redundantly demonstrated, to the point of overfamiliarity, and public debate must shift to another subject: Will anyone be held accountable for the disaster (whose cost, still rising, remains beyond calculation)? Or has the past indeed been made "irrelevant," as Mr. Rapaille recommends? So far, the President appears to be following the Rapaille strategy.

He has adopted a practice of brushing aside the factual world with simple, declarative, false statements. For example, during his visit to Poland in late May, he declared, in defiance of all accepted information, "We've found the weapons of mass destruction." The statement, unsupported by evidence or even verbal backup from other Administration officials, was so strange it was widely uncommented upon. Everyone knows what to say if an official says something that later turns out to be false (for instance, that Saddam bought uranium in Africa). The suffix "-gate" is attached to it, and a process of sleuthing out the facts and tracing the origins of the falsehood ensues. But what are people to say or do or even think if the President states something that is already known by the whole world to be untrue? The problem arose again in the aftermath of the Kay report. The President had gone to war, he said, because Iraq possessed weapons of mass destruction. Kay was unable to find any. The President announced his vindication. Can black become white if the President says it is? Can the past be erased by White House fiat?

The Congressional supporters of the resolution have been wordier. Their evasions of accountability are too numerous to catalogue, but an interview that Democratic presidential candidate Senator John Kerry, who voted for the resolution but is now a keen critic of the President, gave to Tim Russert can suffice as an example of the genre. Kerry is angry. "Were you misled by the intelligence agencies?" Russert asked. "Were you duped?"

"No, we weren't.... The bottom line," he said, "is that we voted on the basis of information that was given to us that has since then been proven to be incorrect."

Then did he regret his vote for the resolution? If the information on which he voted for war was false, wasn't the vote a mistake—perhaps an understandable mistake but nevertheless a grievous one? By no means. "I don't wish I'd been a naysayer from the start. I did the right thing. My vote was a vote for the security of the United States of America based on the information we were given."

An example of a rare straight answer to the kind of question Russert was asking was given by Representative John Murtha, a conservative Democrat who voted for the resolution and now regrets it. "I am part of it. I admit the mistake," Murtha said. "We cannot allow these bureaucrats to get off when these young people [in Iraq] are paying such a price." He also said, "Somebody's got to be held responsible."

The most important actor in the story of the support for the war, however, is of course the voting public, which, according to polls, overwhelmingly supported the war when it was launched but now doubts the wisdom of its choice. Accountability, ultimately, rests in its hands. Will it hold the Administration responsible for the disaster? The answer may turn out to lie in two curious findings of polls conducted since the end of the conventional fighting. One was that, according to a *Washington Post*-ABC News poll in early April, 72 percent of the public thought the war would be worthwhile even if no biological or chemical weapons were found. The other was that, according to a recent *Washington Post* poll, 69 percent of the public believed it likely that Saddam Hussein was involved in planning or supporting the attacks of September 11.

Both beliefs are startling—the first because the Administration had tirelessly cited the Iraqi weapons threat as its chief reason for going to war, the second because there is no evidence of any involvement by Saddam in September 11. Many observers have criticized the White House for slyly and indirectly giving

(Continued on Page 32)

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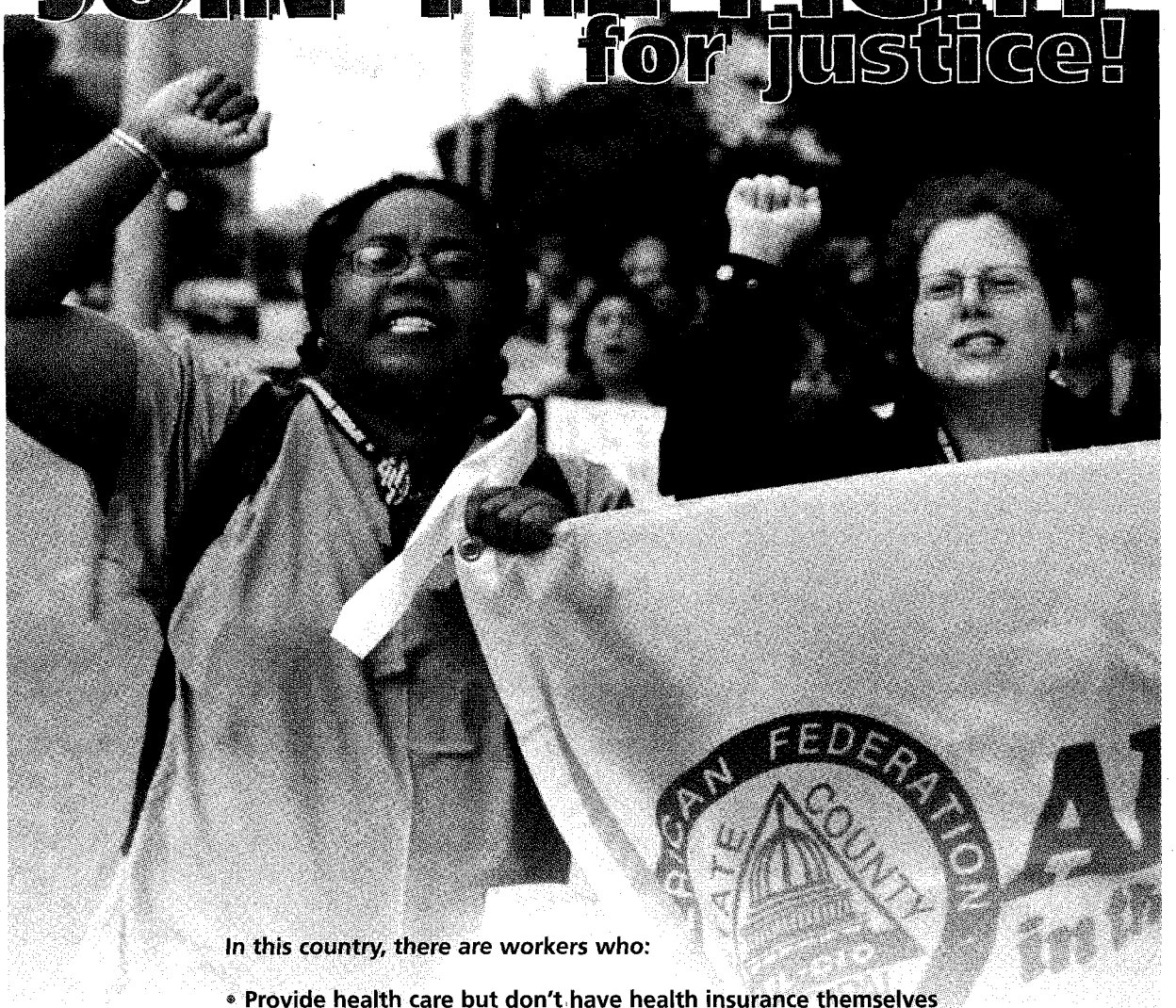

In this country, there are workers who:

- **Provide health care but don't have health insurance themselves**
- **Take care of our children but can't afford decent child care for their own children**
- ***Protect our safety but work in unsafe conditions***
- **Take care of people in their homes but cannot afford a home of their own**

AFSCME embraces these workers and their struggle for a better life.
Help them win a voice on the job. Become an organizer.

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Welcome to Arnold, King for a Day

Gray Davis, good riddance! Into the political coffin with you and off you go to the crypt. The line I remember from your inauguration speech in Sacramento back in 1998 was your creepy pledge that you would be "death on violent crime." You let your voice peck at the word "death" like a vulture tasting a corpse, and I remember thinking then what a degraded creature you were, serf of the prison warders' union and of anyone who shoved enough money into your money sock, the threadbare soul of the Democratic Party.

You played the politics of death all the way through. There are prisoners in California, convicted of murder a couple of decades ago, who've served their full sentences, who kept a perfect record of good behavior and who still rot behind bars because you wouldn't sign off on their release. And then, in case anyone had forgotten what you were like after four years, you poured out cash to keep Riordan off the Republican ballot, denouncing him because he might be soft on Death.

You had it coming to you, Governor Davis, and just look at who knocked you off: the blue-collar workers, the Hispanics who put you in Sacramento. They looked at their utility bills, looked at the economy of California and above all looked at you, shuddered and said Yes to recall; then, some of them, Yes to Bustamante; but many, Yes to Schwarzenegger.

Yes to Arnold, breast-grabber in the finest traditions of the Democratic Party, like Bill Clinton and back beyond him the satyr of Camelot, JFK. Yes to Arnold, who may or may not have been soft on Adolf Hitler. What does that mean at this distance? It doesn't look as though Arnold wants to wipe out the Jews. Maybe he knows Hitler was the first Keynesian, and that's the bit of Adolf's legacy he cares about.

Besides, Hitler's a waxwork bogy. Reagan proved that when he went to Bitburg and returned from the SS cemetery there unscathed. You want to talk about up-to-date echoes of Nazism? When it comes to ethnic cleansing, daylight murder of political opponents, lethal thuggery and institutional racism, just look at who votes, week by week, month by month, in full-throated verbal and financial support of such practices in Israel in the US Senate, if not the two Democratic senators from California, Feinstein and Boxer.

Californians like the sun, and when they looked at you, Governor Davis, they saw the gray of your name, and on your face the sexless pallor of death and corruption. Better to have Arnold as an intimation of the golden life.

Here in London, as one who wrote a book titled *The Golden Age Is in Us*, I took myself off on a Saturday to look at an exhibition in the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, called "Paradise," a traveling show that had already been shown in Bristol and Newcastle; attracting 160,000 people, apparently double what they would have expected normally in those galleries. People want to know the lineaments of paradise, whose earthly possibilities utopians used to spend much time usefully describing, though not much anymore.

The show turned out to be patchy, with the curator scraping it together from available ingredients, such as a Boucher, a Gauguin, a Constable, a Monet, a Rothko, a couple of Renaissance paintings and so forth. But making my visit entirely worthwhile was one marvelous painting, one of Stanley Spencer's Cookham paintings about the Last Judgment, done in 1934. It shows a dustman resurrected in his beefy wife's arms, she in "ecstatic communion with the dustman's corduroy trousers," as Spencer put it. Other dustmen and women, plus a cat, surround the couple.

"I feel, in this Dustman picture," Spencer wrote, "that it is like watching and experiencing the inside of a sexual experience. They are all in a state of anticipation and gratitude to each other. They are each to the other, and all to any one of them, as peaceful as the privacy of a lavatory. I cannot feel anything is Heaven where there is any forced exclusion of any sexual desire.... The picture is to express a joy of life through intimacy. All the signs and tokens of home life, such as the cabbage leaves and teapot which I have so much loved that I have had them resurrected from the dustbin because they are reminders of home life and peace, and are worthy of being adored as the dustman is."

It's as earthy and beautiful an expression of the paradise of carnal passion as Joyce's pages in *Ulysses* about Bloom looking at Gertie.

Whoever thought to put Spencer into the "Paradise" exhibit got it right. In ancient times, death in the Golden Age was always incorporated into life as a sensate pleasure, followed immediately by an improved life, the way most folks, including all those flocking to the show in Bristol and Newcastle, would like it. In those earlier times they had Saturnalia, which meant not so much drunken sex sprees as subversion of the conventional moral order.

In that pre-spring festival, senators and slaveowners would put aside their stately togas and kindred marks of rank and don shapeless garments known as *syntheses* (the dialectic made cloth).

The prime metaphor of Saturnalia was freedom from all bondage—the bondage of poverty, of wealth, of the laws and, above all, of time. Slaves set up a mock king and were served delicious fare by their masters. Such delicacies, given to the powerless by the powerful, were called "second tables," because temporarily, at the level of palpable fantasy, the tables were turned. Each household became a mimic republic, in which slaves held first rank. The law courts were closed. Gifts were exchanged. The Lords of Misrule reigned.

Thus it was with the recall.

Welcome to Arnold, mock king for a day or two. Enough Californians wanted to turn the tables on you, Governor Davis, and this meant setting the pasteboard crown on Arnold's head, they said. So be it. ■

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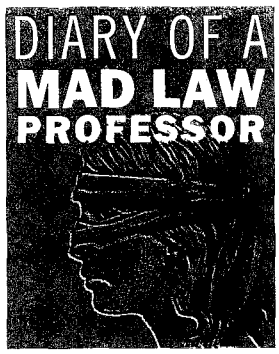
PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Rush Limbaugh's Inner Black Child



Philip Roth's novel *The Human Stain* attracted considerable attention some years back; it was widely read as a fictionalized version of literary critic Anatole Broyard's life. Broyard, an editor at *The New York Times Book Review*, was a light-skinned black man who decided early in his career to "pass"; he cut ties with his family and lived his life as a white man. Now Roth's book has been made into a movie starring Anthony Hopkins as Coleman Silk, son of a Pullman porter, who, when he goes off to college, makes a chilly, clear-eyed, rational-economic decision that being black costs much too much. It confines his love life, it forecloses professional opportunities. Despite the fact that such a choice means cutting all ties to his family and breaking his mother's heart, he recreates himself as white and, since he is just a touch swarthy, Jewish as well.

The film opens when Silk is an old man, at the end of a long and illustrious career as a classics professor. His reputation has been recently and suddenly ruined, supposedly because he used the word "spook"—purely in the "ectoplasmic" sense, he protests—to refer to two never-seen black students who were absent from his class. Amid accusations of racism he quits, his wife has a stroke and dies, and he retreats to a brooding, bitter semi-retirement. He befriends an abused, working-class charwoman, played by Nicole Kidman, who, despite the tattoos with which she is emblazoned and the cigarettes to which she is addicted, is improbably lithe, genteel and unscarred by the violent hell she has survived at the hands of her crazy ex-husband. They fall into each other's arms, and All Difference Makes No Difference. The film then becomes a rather sweetly tragic May-December love story, an elegant, bravely romantic meditation on the ironies of assimilationism and the pettiness of class bias.

The problem is that this film also aspires to great seriousness about the tyranny of race, and here it misses the mark. One leaves the theater with clichés percolating in one's head about truth setting you free, about what tangled webs we weave and about how nothing matters but whether we connect as individuals. Yet *The Human Stain* begins its run against a complicated real-world backdrop of Rush Limbaugh losing his job at ESPN for saying that black football players are promoted to quarterback as a sop to guilty liberals and politically correct media forces. Limbaugh, who once also told a black caller to "take the bone out of your nose," is now busily pleading "truth," and claiming victimhood. In Boston, meanwhile, WEEI talk-show host John Dennis described a gorilla that had escaped from Franklin Park Zoo as "probably a Metco gorilla waiting for a bus"—Metco being a program that transports children from Boston's black neighborhoods to schools in its white suburbs. While Bostonians debate whether a two-day or a two-week suspension is sufficient punishment, Dennis continues to brush off his statement as insensitivity, not racism; as thoughtlessness, not malice.

So how does *The Human Stain*, if it wants to be more than mere entertainment, help us understand American society in the face of popular ideologues who openly adhere to notions of racial inferiority? I worry that *The Human Stain* seems to accept the Limbaugh-like premise that a conspiracy of political correctness killed Silk's wife and his career—rather than his own inner demons, to say nothing of the highhanded condescension he brings to bear in dealing with the complaint. (Let's be real: Whatever you've heard about the culture wars, tenured professors simply do not get pressured or thrown out of jobs just for one ambiguously worded slip of the tongue.)

Silk's difficult, unpleasant side is much clearer in the book than in the person of Hopkins, who plays the part with a sad, radiant loneliness that lends Silk quite a sympathetic mien. Indeed, Hopkins is just a little too appealing in this role. And so when he loses "everything" over a "pissy little word," the fault is allowed to lie mostly with the moral stupidity of invisible but censorious black accusers. Silk gives himself over to the kind of suffering Rush Limbaugh all but basks in.

Bear with me here, but I think the story's complexity would have been better exploited if they had actually cast Limbaugh as Coleman Silk. Limbaugh, who persistently positions himself as far as possible from anything black, is, ironically, very much like the socially invisible legions of once-black people who spend their lives passing but remain hounded by fear of being outed, giddily and anxiously distancing themselves from all things On The Other Side. I'm not implying that Limbaugh is black—not as far as we know anyway. Just ideologically speaking…

I wish this movie had focused more on this deeper dimension—on passing's cost not just to Silk himself but to family, friends and to society itself. There is brief acknowledgment of his mother, played with brilliant subtlety by Anna Deavere Smith, whose face collapses slowly and ages before our eyes when her son tells her of his decision. But on the whole, *The Human Stain* treats passing as a difficult but basically admirable form of ambition. It too easily glosses over the selfishness, the self-loathing, the cruelty and, yes, the racism, it takes to deny not only who you are as an individual, but any connection to one's living, breathing family members. Passing bears the same ugly shape as the psychic denial of white owners when they had children by their slaves but could not see themselves in the faces of those children. Passing is the practice of orphaning oneself.

At the very end of *The Human Stain*, after Silk is dead and buried and the secret of his identity becomes known, his sister remarks, with weighted solemnity, that all he had to do was tell the truth in order to refute the charge of racism. But it is much too simplistic to assume that one's ancestry inoculates one against racism. Such glib moral summation avoids the real complexity of a Coleman Silk or an Anatole Broyard or even the lost cause of a Rush Limbaugh: that passing is but one face of the collective abandonment of the political problem of race; it substitutes a calculated and loveless escapism for civic commitment to the transformative notion of human equality. ■

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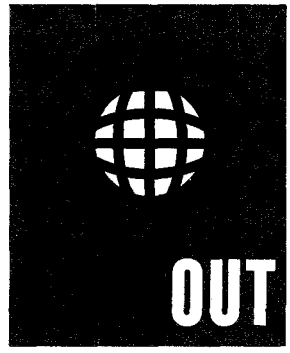
NAOMI KLEIN

Bush's AIDS Test

Fighting AIDS was supposed to show George W. Bush's softer side. "Seldom has history offered a greater opportunity to do so much for so many," he said in his State of the Union address this past January. He has since reconsidered, deciding instead to offer a few more opportunities to the few. First he handed the top job of his Global AIDS Initiative to a Big Pharma boss, then he broke his $3 billion promise of AIDS relief and now there are concerns that he may sabotage a plan to send cheap drugs to countries ravaged by AIDS.



This past August, the World Trade Organization announced a new deal on drug patents that was supposed to give poor countries facing health problems the right to import generic drugs. But the deal seemed unworkable: The United States, at the behest of the pharmaceutical lobby, had successfully pushed for so many conditions that the agreement exploded from a straightforward forty-nine words to a sprawling 3,200-word maze.

Countries wanting to import cheap generics must jump through multiple hoops to prove they are truly in need, unable to afford patented drugs and incapable of producing the medicines domestically. Meanwhile, there is no guarantee that there will be a sufficient supply of drugs for them to buy, since the deal also puts up hurdles for countries wanting to export. "A 'gift' tightly bound in red tape," declared a coalition of NGOs, including Médecins Sans Frontières and Third World Network.

Perhaps that's why US Trade Representative Robert Zoellick praised the agreement. So did Harvey Bale, the premier spokesman for Big Pharma and director-general of the International Federation of Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Associations. Bale, who had lobbied against the deal, told Reuters that the latest neutering resulted in "a fairly balanced text" that "adds clarity."

But now something unexpected is happening. The Canadian government, under intense pressure from AIDS activists and the United Nations, is trying to put the WTO agreement into practice. In September, the government announced plans to amend its patent law to allow the manufacture of generic versions of patented drugs exclusively for export to poor countries.

African AIDS groups have hailed the plan as a breakthrough, especially if it spurs more countries to suspend patent protections to export generic drugs to countries in need. And the need is huge. Of the roughly 30 million Africans with HIV, 4.1 million need antiretroviral drugs, yet only 50,000–75,000 have access to them. The World Health Organization has pledged to get 3 million people into treatment by 2005. That would require a minimum of 6 million pills a day, a demand that cannot be met by the current generic drug suppliers alone.

All of a sudden, Harvey Bale is not pleased. The agreement he praised when it was just a feel-good press release is now, according to Bale's recent statements, a "dead end" and "window dressing," resulting in a "negative black eye for Canada."

Bale has pulled out all of Big Pharma's favorite myths: Africa doesn't need cheap drugs, it needs infrastructure (it needs both); brand name companies have already slashed their prices to compete with generics (discounted brand versions are still at least twice as expensive); weakening patents will hurt corporate profits and destroy the incentive for new research (Africa accounts for roughly 1 percent of the $400 billion pharmaceutical industry's total sales).

Now that the pharmaceutical lobby has let its opposition be known, all eyes are on Washington. Will the United States try to block the Canadian initiative or water it down—and if so, how?

Canadian officials say they fear that the Bush Administration's weapon will be the North American Free Trade Agreement. NAFTA permits governments to suspend drug patents if the drugs are "predominantly" for domestic purposes, but it makes no explicit allowances for exports to other countries.

For the past two years, US trade negotiators have haggled over the details of the WTO drug deal, eventually signing it. If the United States now uses NAFTA to kill or weaken the plan just when promises are turning into medicines, it would be a staggering display of bad faith, even by Bush standards.

Any government considering joining the Free Trade Area of the Americas should be hearing deafening alarm bells right now. The patent protections in the draft FTAA agreement are even tougher than those in NAFTA; if it is adopted, as the Bush Administration hopes, the United States could try to block affordable drug exports anywhere in the Americas. Put simply, the Administration is rigging bilateral and regional trade deals to undermine any attempt by poor countries to exercise their rights in the multilateral sphere.

Canada could well win a NAFTA challenge, but there is no indication that Ottawa is up for the fight. Paul Martin, the man set to become Canada's next Prime Minister, has stated that Canada's "number one challenge is keeping that American border open." If it looks like the AIDS drug initiative would place that goal in jeopardy, the Canadian government's newfound courage could quickly evaporate.

At a press conference on October 7, Zoellick left the door open for a NAFTA challenge, calling Canada's plan a "very fine step" but adding, "we, of course, would expect that Canada...would maintain the rules we agreed on." Bush's AIDS strategy is far less ambiguous. His $3-billion-a-year AIDS pledge has been whittled down to $2 billion, possibly much less. And on October 2, the Senate approved Bush's choice to head his Global AIDS Initiative: Randall Tobias, former CEO of drug giant Eli Lilly, charter member of the industry group leading the charge against the Canadian plan. Tobias's appointment is a bit like trusting the CEO of Exxon-Mobil to lead a government effort to promote solar power. The Bush Administration insists that Tobias, who is holding on to his Eli Lilly stock, will not use the job to do Big Pharma's bidding and will support the use of generics if they are cheaper.

The first test will be whether Randall Tobias joins his old friend Harvey Bale to declare war on an initiative that could save millions of lives. ■

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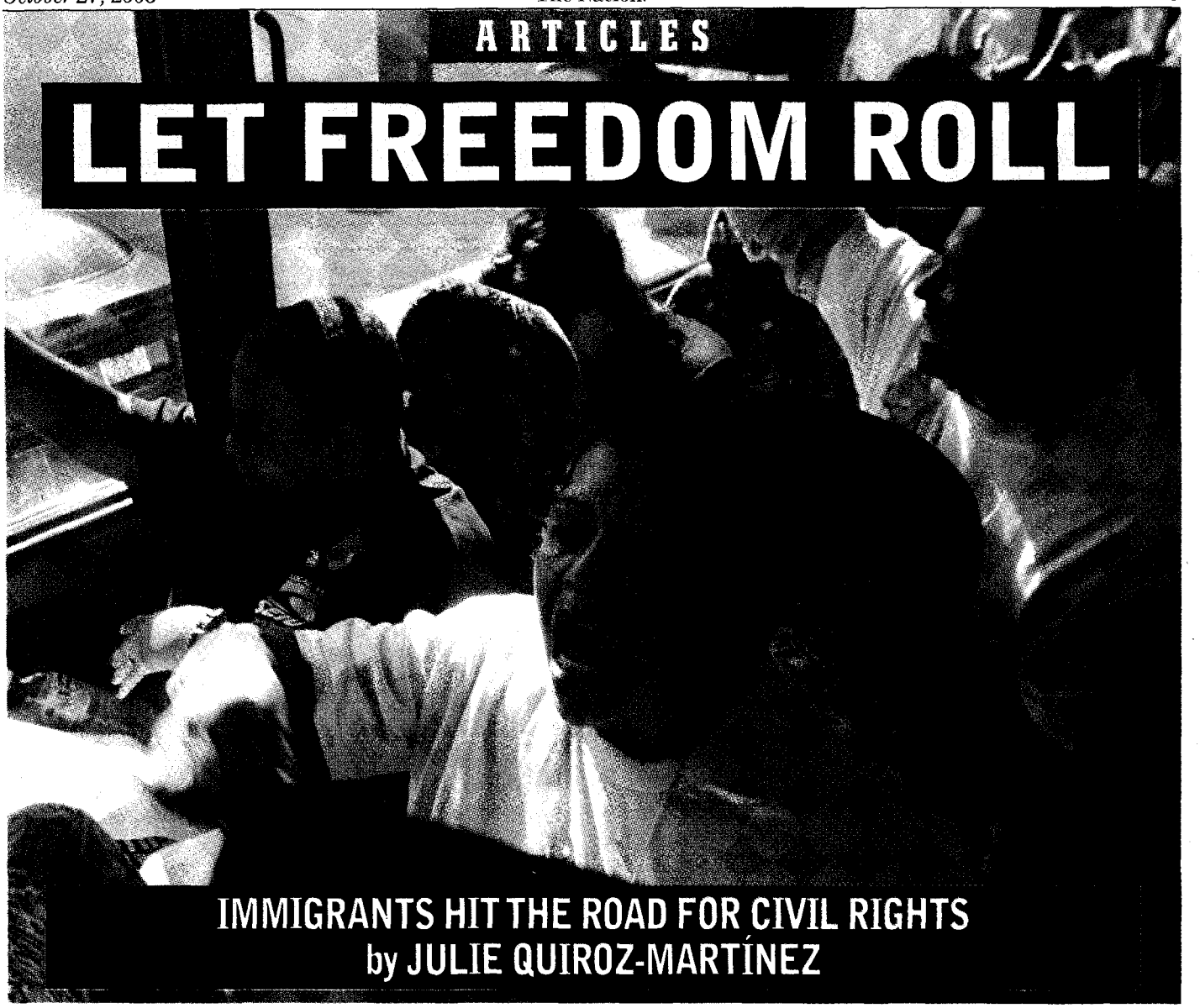
ARTICLES

LET FREEDOM ROLL



IMMIGRANTS HIT THE ROAD FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

by JULIE QUIROZ-MARTÍNEZ

In 1961, 19-year-old Ruby Doris Smith arrived in Rock Hill, South Carolina, fully expecting the violent racist fury that awaited her and the other black students on her bus. At the time, the term "Freedom Ride" had not yet come into use. But everyone, including the menacing white thugs in the bus station, understood that these young people had come to challenge the oppressive state segregation laws that had been struck down, at least on paper, by the US Supreme Court. So prepared for danger were the riders that some had given sealed letters to friends to mail in case they were killed.

I'm thinking of Ruby Doris Smith as I roll down Highway 80 in the brilliant Nevada sunshine, an Afghan homecare worker on my right, a Chinese hotel housekeeper on my left, an African-American custodian in the seat ahead. Each of these women has taken her seat on the bus as part of the Immigrant Workers Freedom Ride (IWFR) of 2003. Although theirs is far from the same world confronted by Ruby Doris four decades ago, the powerful moral example of the original riders emboldens them all.

The IWFR sprang from the imagination of organized labor, which has recognized that its future depends on recruiting new immigrant members. The IWFR's ambitious five-point agenda reflects the demands of a diverse immigrant constituency: a new legalization process for undocumented workers, an accessible "path to citizenship," a commitment to family reunification for immigrants waiting for relatives abroad, extension of labor protections to all workers and strengthening of civil rights and liberties to insure equal treatment of immigrants. For two weeks, buses from ten cities—Seattle, Los Angeles, Houston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Miami, San Francisco, Las Vegas, Boston and Portland, Oregon—hit the road, bound for Washington, DC, then a rally in Flushing Meadows, Queens, on October 4, where the crowd surged to 100,000, according to organizers.

It's 6 PM on September 23 when my bus pulls up to a local park in Reno, where hundreds of Latino families have gathered to welcome the riders with a barbecue and soccer tournament. The event's speakers include Raul, a Mexican day laborer from San Jose, who describes the harassment of immigrants whose only crime is "looking for work," and Maria, a hotel employee who has not seen her children in El Salvador for fourteen years.

Bob Fulkerson, the fair-haired director of the Progressive Leadership Alliance of Nevada, is elated by the turnout. "In Reno, nothing has ever happened on this scale. Around here the Department of Motor Vehicles will call in the INS when people go to register their car."

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In my nine hours on the IWFR bus, I heard a diverse range of stories from the riders, underscoring the breadth of their needs and interests. Many are union members. Most are foreign-born, representing the whole spectrum of immigration status categories, from those without any documents to legal residents to fully naturalized citizens. Olia tells me about how she fled Afghanistan when the Taliban came to power, leaving behind three children. "I never forget," she says, carefully crafting a sentence in English. "I do job eighteen hours every day and save all my money. After four years, my children come."

Or Helen, who speaks to me through an interpreter, and tells of migrating from Hong Kong to take a job as a seamstress in a sweatshop where she "couldn't even make minimum wage." Now she works at the San Francisco Marriott, where she helped lead her Chinese, Latino and Filipino co-workers through a successful six-year union contract fight.

'We will not be divided into who the US government says is "illegal" and who they say is "legal,"' shouted HERE's John Wilhelm.

There's Antonia (not her real name), who hesitates before she explains that she is an undocumented Mexican immigrant and a lesbian. She speaks softly in Spanish about her decision not to maintain a heterosexual facade for immigration officials scrutinizing her marriage to a US citizen. "I had to sacrifice the opportunity for 'papers,'" she tells me, "because of my sexual identity."

Then there's Doretha, who talks energetically about what it's like to be a black woman and union steward at her predominantly immigrant worksite. "When you have a language barrier or anything they can put over on you, they'll use it," says Doretha. "It took me a long time to get it," she confesses. "The way they treat immigrants is how they treated us in the sixties."

Who, I wonder, are "they" now?

Of course, there are still traces of the "they" the 1960s Freedom Riders faced: the violent white mobs whose ugliness was captured forever in grainy black-and-white photos. On our bus, I've heard talk that white supremacists will be descending on Little Rock, where one of the IWFR buses is set to stop. I'm concerned, but know it's easy to become preoccupied with isolated flash points, harder to grapple with the insidious structures of racism that mold so much of the daily experience of immigrants and African-Americans.

"The Freedom Rides of the 1960s challenged the racist policies that were central to how the United States functioned," says Bill Fletcher Jr., who left a top-level job at the AFL-CIO to head the TransAfrica Forum. "Through the civil rights movement we won an end to legal racial segregation. But while the 'colored only' signs are gone," notes Fletcher, "racism has taken a different form. Back then, laws prevented blacks from buying certain homes. Now, it's that we can't get a loan, or that a realtor won't show us the house. The enemy is no longer as clear as when you had a George Wallace standing out there."

The vast diversity of today's immigrants further complicates the picture. It's no small task to forge a political identity among Haitians in Miami, Arabs in Chicago, Mexicans in Atlanta and Vietnamese in San Jose. To satisfy so many constituencies, the IWFR agenda needed to respond to a variety of concerns, with legalization topping Latinos' list of priorities and family reunification dominant among Asians' worries.

In the IWFR, as its name would suggest, the unifying experience emphasized is that of workers, though the riders describe a struggle for both economic and racial justice. "In the eyes of the dominant white culture and the federal government," asserts observer Arnoldo Garcia of the National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights, "'immigrant' has become a racialized category. The Immigrant Workers Freedom Ride is a complex call for a new civil rights charter that includes the foreign-born."

Employers are often the frontline enemy in this racialized reality. In the 1960s, and throughout US history, employers have used racial and ethnic differences to divide workers and weaken their organizing. Today, as Doretha and others confirm, the strategy is still the same, though new tactics are emerging. "Employers try to separate people," she says, "like we don't have a common issue."

In recent years, the arsenal available to employers aiming to exploit divisions among workers has been expanding. For example, in its *Hoffman Plastic Compounds, Inc. v. NLRB* decision last year, the Supreme Court found that José Castro, an undocumented worker illegally fired for his union organizing activities, could not receive back pay because he was unauthorized to work. While the ruling itself was quite narrow, its impact has been broad. According to a recent report by the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund and the National Employment Law Project, "It has encouraged unscrupulous employers to engage in retaliation against unauthorized workers who claim violations of their workplace rights, and to make more claims that these workers are unprotected by any labor laws. This in turn has a chilling effect on workers' enforcement of their remaining workplace rights." In other words, employers are seizing on the ruling as a way to undermine worker unity by isolating and threatening undocumented employees engaged in union activity.

Standing at the front of a bus in Richmond, Virginia, the president of the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees International Union (HERE), John Wilhelm, tackled this issue head-on. "The Immigrant Workers Freedom Rides are telling this country that we're not going to fall for divide and conquer anymore," proclaimed Wilhelm to the busload of riders. "We will not be divided by the color of our skin, nor by what country we come from, nor by the first language we learned. We will not be divided into who the US government says is 'illegal' and who the US government says is 'legal.'" Listening to the rally over a cell phone, I hear the riders cheering wildly. "No human being is 'illegal!'" shouts Wilhelm, the riders breaking into thunderous applause.

Of all the differences between 1961 and now, the most striking is the relationship of the federal government to the riders. Then, federal law was on the side of the Freedom Riders as they set out to dismantle Southern Jim Crow laws. But today, US law is part of the problem. According to Cecilia Muñoz of the National Council of La Raza, "The people on the Immigrant Workers Freedom Ride

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are taking very serious risks. Under the current legal regime, the attack could come from the federal government."

Those fears were fulfilled all too vividly in Sierra Blanca, Texas, when two IWFR buses were stopped at an INS checkpoint. Speaking via cell phone, Kat Rodriguez tells me how the Border Patrol boarded the buses, asking everyone, "Are you a US citizen?" After each rider presented cards asserting their right to remain silent, the Border Patrol ordered the riders to leave the bus one at a time. As they descended, loudly singing "We Shall Overcome," Rodriguez could see "cars with blond Anglos getting waved through without even being stopped."

"I was afraid," says Rodriguez, who works for the Coalition for Human Rights/Indigenous Alliance Without Borders, in Tucson, Arizona. "When one of the Border Patrol agents pointed to me and said, 'Take this one too!' I didn't know if they were going to bus some of us to a detention center." Instead, the riders were divided into groups and locked into 9 by 10 rooms where, despite Border Patrol claims to the contrary, no one received water or food.

Rodriguez knew that under the Patriot Act the riders—regardless of their place of birth or immigration status—could have been detained if the government had somehow deemed their mission subversive. "The Patriot Act took policies that have long been used against immigrants," says Rodriguez, "and expanded them to citizens." According to Isabel Garcia, director of the Pima County Legal Defender's Office and a Coalition for Human Rights board member, "In theory, taking action against the riders would have required showing some basis for suspicion. But, if we had been under some elevated 'terrorist alert,' a whole other scenario would certainly have been possible."

To the riders' surprise, after four hours they were let go. "We found out later that people were flooding the Border Patrol with phone calls and faxes," Rodriguez explains. "People even contacted the Department of Homeland Security and the President. Unlike with the 147 migrants who have died at the US-Mexico border this year, we knew the whole world was watching our bus."

This tug of war between fear and determination to fight reminds me of Nabil, the 23-year-old son of Indian immigrants, with whom I rode to Reno. Nabil is a volunteer with the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR), who asked him to represent them on the IWFR. "I have friends who say, 'Being a young Muslim male you should avoid getting into political issues.' They say, 'You're putting yourself in jeopardy of being profiled by the government in the future.' It's a real possibility."

Very real. In fact, since 9/11, more than 83,000 Arab, Middle Eastern and Asian men have voluntarily complied with new "Special Registration" requirements that include fingerprinting and monitoring. This past June the federal government quietly began taking action to seek deportation of 13,000 of these men, none of whom had been found to have terrorist ties. Mohamed Nimer, research director at CAIR, describes "a climate of fear and apprehension" among Arabs and Muslims, "where people don't know who is going to be next. We're seeing search and seizure tactics targeting people who don't fully agree with government policy."

At the core of the IWFR is an evolving and sometimes rocky relationship between organized labor and the broader immigrant rights community, which have strong common interests but also some different priorities. For example, unions would surely go to

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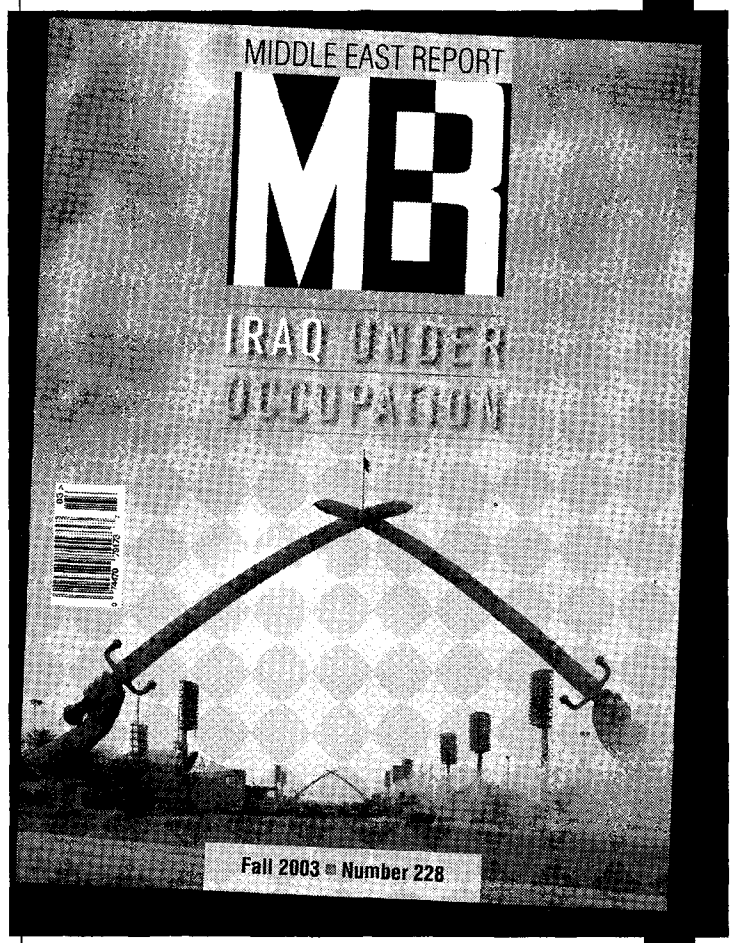

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the mat for repeal of laws sanctioning employers for hiring undocumented workers, and are likely to oppose any kind of temporary guest worker program. Immigrant rights groups, however, might see demilitarization of the border or access to higher education as the first order of business, and might be open to some forms of temporary work if accompanied by significant rights and protections. "These relationships are being made up as we go along," observes Cecilia Muñoz. "You have to remember that the AFL has only been on the right side of the issue for three years," she says, referring to the labor federation's February 2000 decision to actively support the rights of undocumented workers. "It's amazing progress," Muñoz concludes. "But there are growing pains."

Those growing pains are being felt in Nevada, as Bob Fulkerson attests. "Here in Reno, labor has been willing to work in coalition, to make shared decisions. But labor is still the 800-pound gorilla in the room. They're the most powerful political entity around. They've got 50,000 members. They do mailings in five languages. But there's not one immigrant rights group in the whole state." Nonetheless, a labor/immigrant rights alliance makes strategic sense. "The immigrant rights movement has been doing heroic work on nothing but fumes," says Frank Sharry, executive director of the National Immigration Forum. "A real commitment from labor is like putting a turbocharged engine on a canoe."

But, Sharry cautions, the IWFR should not count on sweeping legislative changes in the short term. "The only things that have a real chance of passing in 2004 are the 'Dream Act' and the farmworker deal. One is legalization for college kids and the other is legalization for a sector of farmworkers."

Chung-Wha Hong, advocacy director for the New York Immigration Coalition, is braced for storms ahead. Hong points out that while bipartisan support exists for some form of legalization, "Republicans are going to want to exchange it for more enforcement—along the lines of a national ID card." Hong admits, "Since the IWFR doesn't have a specific legislative agenda, there have been times when we've wondered, 'What are we really supporting?' But the whole point is to create a new political environment, to build new relationships and an infrastructure for when there is legislation." As Sharry notes, "The collective goal is really about building a movement that succeeds no matter who is President in 2005." Ultimately, the IWFR is less about legislative politics than about envisioning an ideal of justice and compelling the public to recognize it. In the words of former Freedom Rider and Congressional Black Caucus member John Lewis, "The most important purpose of this ride is to establish a coalition of conscience." ■

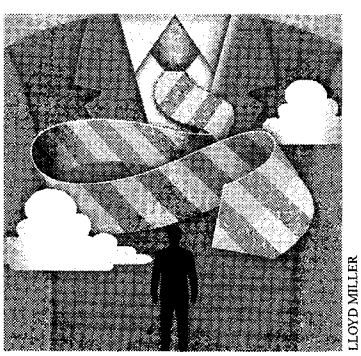
THE PRESS SEEMS TO THINK KUCINICH ISN'T SERIOUS PRECISELY BECAUSE HE'S SERIOUS.

Who's Afraid of Dennis Kucinich?

MATT TAIBBI

Two images from the campaign trail define, for me, the Dennis Kucinich phenomenon.

The first came from a mid-September Senator John Edwards Town Hall meeting in Concord, New Hampshire. The parallel movements of the Southern Senator are a powerful leitmotif in the Kucinich campaign. In the epic novel of this election, whose tragic theme is the unavoidable humiliation of the sane in a kingdom of idiots, Edwards appears as Kucinich's foil, his Dostoyevskian opposite. For every step Kucinich takes, Edwards is seemingly there to remind him that a man cannot succeed in a world designed for children.



LLOYD MILLER

The Southern Senator is a kind of anti-Kucinich: tall, handsome, bubbly, seemingly not sure why he is running for President. The ideas that drive his candidacy seem like items from a sales-drive PowerPoint presentation, or frat dares; the Concord town hall deal is a good example. Edwards has pledged to hold more town halls in New Hampshire than any other candidate, 100 to be exact. (I asked an Edwards staffer if the candidate was planning on eating 100 goldfish at each of his 100 town hall meetings. He had to think about it, then said no.)

The sheer enthusiasm and youthful energy implied by the 100-meeting stunt is quite openly designed to be a central part of the Senator's appeal. He is the Young candidate, the Hustle candidate; you're voting for his tan and his tie flapping in the wind.

In Concord, the Edwards ground staff worked out another stunt designed to bring people into the lunchtime meeting in front of the State House: They gave away free hot dogs. The booth where the hot dogs were being given away had a sign next to it that read as follows:

FREE PUPPY LOVE HOT DOGS!

I went to the front of the line and got my hot dog. At the booth I asked the volunteers if maybe the choice of the word "puppy" wasn't a little unfortunate.

"Why?" a twentysomething woman with a Southern accent asked.

"Well," I said, "when I'm eating meat, I'm not sure I want to be thinking about puppies."

She frowned and stared at me like I was crazy. "But people like puppies," she said, seeming hurt.

Fast-forward three days. Dennis Kucinich is giving a speech in a classroom at the University of New Hampshire, in Durham. It is a wide-ranging talk that is remarkable on a number of fronts. John Edwards may be the "Youth" candidate, but it is the congressman from Ohio who is at home in front of college students. It is the other candidates who too often treat even grown-ups like babies, feeding them condescending platitudes and implying at

Matt Taibbi is a columnist for the New York Press.

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every turn that we voters are simply not mature enough to handle anything beyond a flag, a photo op and a few vacuous paeans to "jobs" and "unity" and "leadership."

But here is Kucinich in a crowd full of 19-year-olds, explaining the intricacies of our militarized system of government and inviting his audience to join in a movement whose roots date back to Thoreau and Emerson and Gandhi. He outlines a revolutionary plan, centered in his creation of a Department of Peace, that would "make nonviolence an organizing principle of society." He quotes from Jung, Barbara Marx Hubbard, Thomas Berry, Morris Berman. Dennis Kucinich is the only presidential candidate whose speeches need to be annotated.

After the speech, I went through the crowd and spoke with some of the students. The majority had signed up to volunteer immediately. But a few held back. One, 27-year-old Dave Wilmes, said that he liked Kucinich but wasn't sure he could support him.

"He's everything that I personally would want in a President," Wilmes said. "But I don't think he can do it. It's going to have to be someone like Kerry or Edwards."

"Why?" I asked.

He shrugged. "It's probably going to have to be someone who's tall," he said. "I mean, Kucinich is great, but this just isn't serious."

Welcome to the Dennis Kucinich paradox. The congressman is not serious precisely because he is serious. Because he wants his victory to mean something, he is said to not really want to win. Pundits and journalists talk a lot about Kucinich's height and his decidedly non-Hollywood looks as the main reasons he cannot be considered a contender, but on the campaign trail, it sure looks like Kucinich's chief "problem" is that when he talks, he means it.

It does not take much exposure to Dennis Kucinich to realize just how serious he really is. He says things that could never even occur to a phony. This was most forcefully demonstrated to me right at the start of an hourlong interview in a minivan on the road back to Bangor, Maine, after the candidate's appearance at an organic farmers' fair in rural Unity.

We had been talking about corporate crime, and at first Kucinich said some things that sounded very much like Howard Dean—that he was going to make prosecuting irresponsible CEOs more of a priority, etc. But then, as he sat there loudly munching Udon noodles (bought at the fair: Kucinich is a devout vegan), he suddenly stared off into the distance and added something else.

"I think rehabilitation should be part of it," he said. "We ought to rehabilitate the guy who steals his company's pension."

I looked up, surprised. "You mean like drug court?" I said. "Rehab programs after sentence? Re-education?"

He nodded. "Why not? You have to go to rehab for traffic court. Treatment for these people should be made available, if circumstances dictate that they need it." He smiled. "After, of course, an appropriate term of service to society."

I laughed. Well, that makes sense, I thought. Why does a serial speeder have to seek treatment, while the person who liquidates thousands of jobs and imperils whole economies does not? Why is a drug problem considered treatable, while a greed problem isn't? The question gets right to the heart of the fundamental prejudices of our society: You have a problem if you use drugs to dull your misery, but you don't have a problem if you're just trying to get rich by any means, legal or otherwise.

The politics of Dennis Kucinich are easy to see but hard to describe, which is why conventional journalism, comfortable only with crass idiocies, has settled on calling him a leftist and burying him in the thirteenth paragraph. But to me the best way to describe Kucinich is to say that he seems to be the only candidate who responds as an intellectually ambitious human being would to the problem of the presidency.

Kucinich's politics are hard to describe, so journalists have settled on calling him a leftist and burying him in the thirteenth paragraph.

When you think about it—and few people do—no great thinker or leader, no Thoreau or Bertrand Russell or Martin Luther King Jr., would look at the vastly complex problem of the human condition and see as the most urgent solutions incremental numerical adjustments of the type espoused by most candidates. It is hard to imagine a Gandhi feeling passionate about a 30 percent tax credit for investment in renewable energy (Gephardt), or $66 billion for Iraq instead of $87 billion (Edwards), or a Community Oriented Policing Program ("COPS," a Kerry creature) that puts a few more cops on the streets. No, the great leader would see vast sicknesses to tend to, gross misapplications of human effort, problems rooted not in numbers but in society's emotional priorities. And his solutions upon taking a great office would be of commensurate greatness: the elimination of war, the conquest of greed, the restoration of community.

I'm not saying Kucinich is a great man. But he does think in these terms. He is clearly an intellectual who is measuring himself against history, not the other candidates. And it is this disdain for the other kind of ambition that has led observers to describe him as unserious.

The Kucinich platform is simple and unequivocal. Cancel NAFTA and the WTO. An immediate pullout from Iraq. Universal single-payer healthcare, a public program, everyone covered. His campaign literature is the size of a playing card. (The John Edwards "Real Solutions for America" pamphlet, in contrast, is sixty-four feverish pages of gibberish.) The message is a fairly recurrent theme of the campaign: The question isn't what fancy-sounding programs to devise; the question is whether you're going to take the first broad, obvious steps in the much larger fight. And the implication of the campaign, clearly understood by all Kucinich supporters, is that their man is the only one who is even engaged in the actual battle.

Therefore, you see a marked difference in the dynamic of the Kucinich campaign, as opposed to those of the other candidates. Many reporters in New Hampshire refer to the "summer camp" phenomenon on the campaign trail. "I first noticed it in 2000," said Laura Colbert of New Hampshire Public Radio. "In every campaign office, you have one older guy, and he's the counselor, followed by two dozen kids. Four years later, one of the kids is

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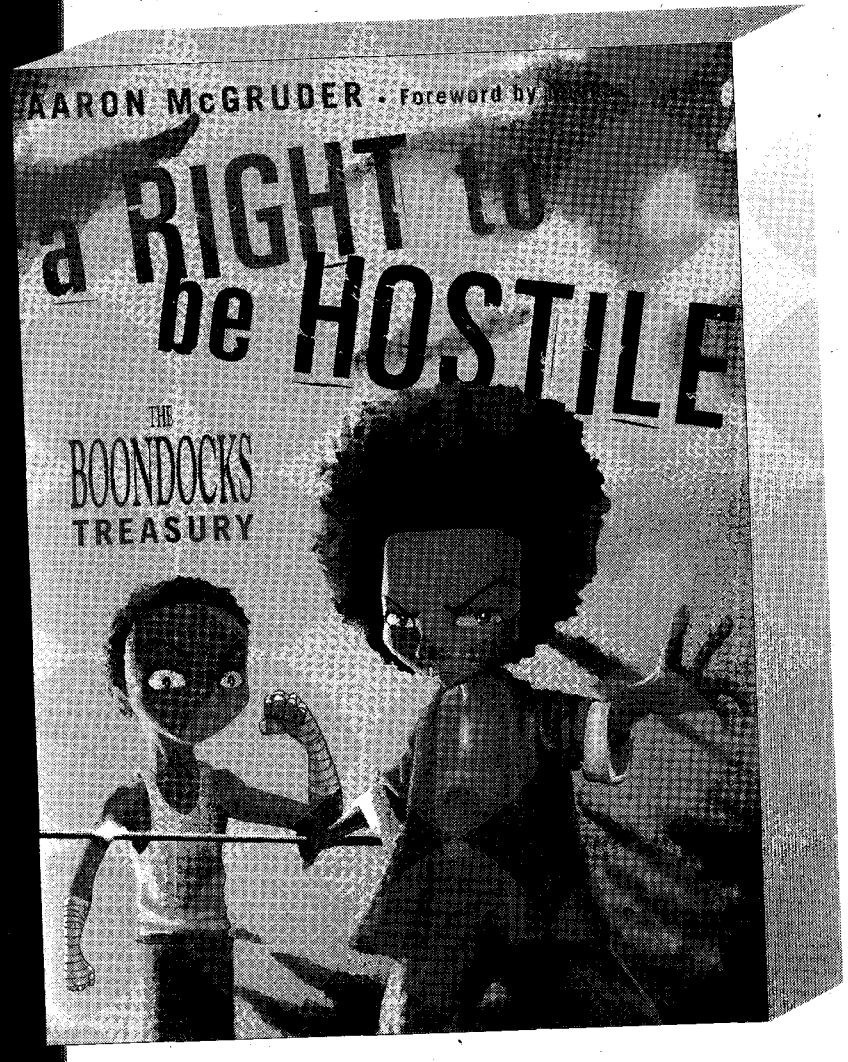

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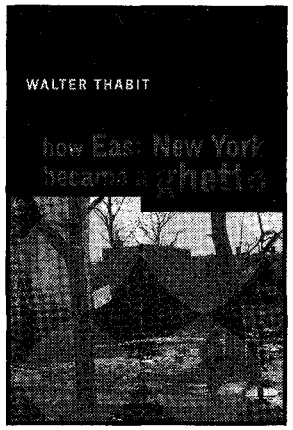

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the counselor, telling stories by the campfire."

I spent some time in Manchester with some of those kids, many of whom have thought up cutesy tribal names for themselves ("Liebermaniacs" and "Deanie Babies," for example). Most were mealy college types in identically crisp white T-shirts who appeared ready to march with their candidate all the way to, perhaps, a wet T-shirt contest in Hilton Head. But it is not all that unusual to find someone who seems willing to go to his death, or the political equivalent of it, for Dennis Kucinich. These people are older and tend to have a permanent interest in politics; this is not summer camp for them.

"There's an old saying in martial arts, which is that if you fight to save your life, you die," said David Bright, the candidate's volunteer media coordinator in Maine. "You have to fight regardless of consequence."

"I'd do anything for Dennis," said Amy Hochadel, the candidate's national field coordinator, who has worked with Kucinich for years. Her eyes light up when she talks about Kucinich's efforts to save a hospital in Cleveland; he had threatened to seize it using eminent domain rather than let the insurance companies shut it down. She laughed. "I thought it was wonderful," she said. "But I remember saying to Dennis, This is great, but if we're not careful, we're going to end up owning a hospital." They see the Kucinich campaign as a referendum on the role of principle in our electoral politics.

The candidate talks gloomily about what will happen if—as appears likely, given the current polls—the vote should go the wrong way. "Unless we're motivated by principle in our voting, we walk into a mirrored echo chamber, where there's no coherence," Kucinich says. He sighs and repeats, "Where there's no coherence."

No coherence is exactly the term to describe the aftermath of the scene at Pace University, after the September Democratic debate there. Far underneath the auditorium, in the Pace gymnasium, 200 journalists are racing across the floor, circling candidates and their handlers like sharks after a shipwreck. There is pushing, shoving, shouting, people screaming at one another, and only very occasional fragmented questions about politics. At the edges of the fray you can find numerous foreign journalists shaking their heads in disbelief, stunned by the barbarity of it all. A Dutch journalist named Rik Klinkel is explaining to me how much better things are in the Netherlands.

"Over there, you don't need to do this to get to a candidate," he says. As he speaks, he winds up and makes a violent elbowing gesture. Predictably, his demonstration results in his belting an Ohio newspaper reporter right in the eye. The man falls to the ground.

"Ow, fuck!" he screams.

"Please excuse me," the European says, extending a hand. The other reporter refuses it, collects himself and runs away.

In the center of the crowd, Dennis Kucinich is taking a beating. He has just had to endure two hours of a debate hosted by Brian Williams in which candidates who ran too long were interrupted by a game-show-style bell ("Somewhere at *Jeopardy!* they're wondering where it went," joked Williams unfunnily about the buzzer). It was intensely painful watching Kucinich try to read

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off, over the repeated protests of the *Jeopardy!* buzzer, the list of postlayoff executive payouts at Tyco, Delta and Hewlett-Packard. "Delta laid off 17,400 workers..." Bzzz! "The executive salary of the CEO went from $2.1 million to $4.6 million..." Bzzz! "Tyco went from..." Bzzz! Bzzz! It reminded me of the death of Old Yeller. When I tried to ask Kucinich about the game-show format afterward, he waved me off, clearly pissed.

"It was fine. It was fine. Whatever," he said.

Minutes later, as he tried to escape the hall, he was assaulted by Comedy Central reporter Rob Corddry. Corddry was trying, satirically as it were, to make a joke about the total incoherence of the spin room, and he was doing so by trying to ask Kucinich a question with a mouthful of peanut butter. Kucinich didn't get it. "What are you saying?" he said, annoyed.

But Kucinich deputy Paul Costanzo leaned over to whisper in his ear that this was Comedy Central, a good opportunity, and he should play along, etc. Kucinich clued in, then raced across the room to get Corddry a glass of water, to help him with the peanut butter. By the time he returned, the joke, not that funny to begin with, was many painful minutes old. The two glumly parted soon after, like motorists who had failed to revive a run-over cat.

Soon afterward I joined the scrum around Edwards. He was turning clockwise in a crowd of hacks and expertly batting away one question after another; he looked like Rafael Palmeiro at a home-run derby. When he caught *New York Times* reporter Rick Lyman standing open-mouthed without a question ready, he cracked: "Hey, buddy? You just gonna stand there?"

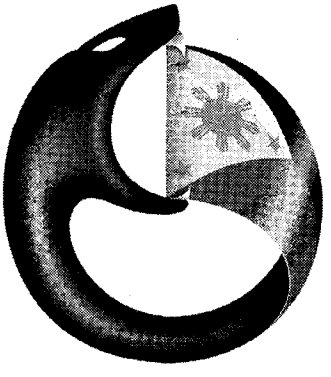
Behind me, two female reporters cooed. "Wow," one said. "Just look at his tan!" ■

BUSH'S WAR HAS INTERNATIONALIZED INTERNAL CONFLICTS ON THE ARCHIPELAGO.

Meanwhile, in Manila...

LUIS H. FRANCIA

This is the first article in a series examining how the Bush Administration's war on terror has transformed politics, reshuffled alliances and altered the dynamics of local conflicts around the world. —*The Editors*



LLOYD MILLER

Eight days after September 11, 2001, Philippine President Gloria Macapagal Arroyo, like a pilot fish astride a whale shark, became the first Asian leader to endorse the Bush Administration's global war on terrorism. By doing so, she internationalized her country's two internal conflicts, facilitated the revival of US proprietary aims on the archipelago (an American colony from 1899 to 1946) and opened what was then termed the "second front" in the war. Since February 2002, US troops have been deployed on the islands for a series of joint exercises with the Armed Forces of the Philippines (AFP)—dubbed "Balikatan," or "Shoulder-to-Shoulder"—apparently in violation of the Philippine Constitution, which prohibits the presence of foreign troops in the country (the government contends that the deployment is allowed by the Visiting Forces Agreement of 1998). Just recently, responding to Bush's appeal to the United Nations for help, Arroyo offered to send more Philippine troops to Iraq, in addition to the ninety-five already there as observers.

Arroyo's enthusiastic support for Bush's war, while embarrassing to nationalists, is unsurprising. Philippine leaders have traditionally used the country's strategic location in Southeast Asia to extract economic and military aid from the United States, which has always viewed the Philippines as crucial to maintaining its regional and global hegemony—and to containing China, a prize sought during the heyday of empire, but now a potential superpower rival. Two other factors increase the Philippines' strategic value: a possible US confrontation with North Korea, and the Philippines' claim to the Spratly Islands in the South China Sea, halfway between Vietnam and the Philippines. Surrounded by rich fishing grounds and thought to contain substantial reserves of oil and gas, this desolate stretch is being claimed as well by China, Taiwan, Vietnam, Brunei and Malaysia, either in part or in its entirety. Dispersed over 256,000 square miles, these three-square-mile islands may yet be a flash point between China and the United States, with the Philippines as an American surrogate.

Before 9/11, none of the insurgencies, past or present, that the AFP faced since the country regained its independence in 1946 were ever viewed by Manila as more than internal threats. However, any domestic challenge was seen by the United States as a threat to its own interests as well, mainly to its bases in the country, in exchange for which Washington extended economic and military aid to Manila. Maintaining this cozy, neocolonial vassalage has virtually guaranteed US interference in Philippine affairs. Hence, right after World War II, the AFP quashed the Huk Rebellion, instigated by the Soviet-leaning Partidong Komunista ng Pilipinas (PKP), with CIA assistance organized by the late Col. Edward Lansdale (often considered the model for Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*). Then, in the 1970s and '80s, under the US-backed martial law regime of Ferdinand Marcos, it battled both the Maoist New People's Army (NPA), the armed wing of the Communist Party of the Philippines (the CPP, a breakaway group from the PKP), and the Moro National Liberation

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Front (MNLF), a Mindanao-based secular Islamic force.

The latter insurgency has since withered, its leader, Nur Misuari, a former academic, languishing in a military stockade. Today, the AFP continues to face the NPA nationwide, and in Mindanao, the Moro Islamic Liberation Front (MILF), a fundamentalist Islamic group that split from the MNLF in 1978. Reliable estimates put the strength of each guerrilla army at between 12,000 to 15,000 men under arms.

What have been the effects of war on terrorism in the Philippines? Rather than improve the lives of those directly affected, it has made them worse. The war itself can be regarded as terroristic, particularly in Mindanao, where the army has aggressively engaged the MILF and where the number of internal refugees at its peak rose as high as half a million. In one period alone, from January to October 2002, according to the Ecumenical Movement for Justice and Peace, more than 9,000 civilians were victims of military and paramilitary assaults. Only now, with a cease-fire between the government and the MILF in place, has the tide receded. However, most military encampments lie in civilian areas, putting these residents in danger should hostilities resume. And the economic costs to both the government and the farmers, workers and small entrepreneurs have been staggering—and this in an area that has the country's five poorest provinces, all Muslim.

By casting long-running domestic insurgencies as terrorist threats, Arroyo and the AFP have been able to tap into US aid.

For nearly a century, until 1992, the United States had two of its largest overseas bases in the country: Subic Bay Naval Base and Clark Air Base. They served as staging areas, billeting, supply and service depots, and R&R sites, as early on as the 1900 Boxer Rebellion in China and during the Korean, Vietnam and first Gulf wars. But the bases treaty was terminated in 1991 by a nationalist Senate keenly aware of colonial history and the more recent US support of the Marcos dictatorship. Aid was reduced, and the Pentagon was forced to rethink its strategy in the region. But 9/11 has allowed both governments a way of exploiting other ends—one regional and global, the other local.

The Pentagon can once again use the archipelago as a springboard for intervention, or what it euphemistically terms "stability operations," which are implied under the 2002 Mutual Logistics Support Agreement (MLSA), the latest of three military covenants between the two countries. The MLSA grants US forces access to Philippine military facilities throughout the country, converting the whole archipelago into a virtual base for the Pentagon, without being tied down to reserved areas that would once again leave the United States open to charges of permanent tenure.

Having a renewed military presence in the country also enables the Pentagon to keep tabs on Muslim and communist insurgencies, and links that both governments suspect the MILF has with fundamentalist groups such as Jemaah Islamiyah in Indonesia—links the MILF denies having. (With peace talks between Manila and the MILF to be held after the Organization of the Islamic Conference summit on October 16–18 in Malaysia, neither government has branded the group as terrorist—allowing the United States to support the talks and counter its global image as an arrogant warmonger.) The truth is somewhere between: Given the history shared by MILF and other Southeast Asian mujahedeen in fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan, and porous sea borders between Indonesia, Malaysia and Mindanao, there are probably ad hoc ties between the different groups, but no formal arrangements.

For Arroyo and the AFP, internationalizing long-running domestic insurgencies and recasting them as terrorist threats to an ill-defined world order has meant tapping into US aid once again. At the outset of the Balikatan exercises, the Bush government promised $100 million in mostly military aid. Last May, after a visit to Washington, Arroyo was promised an additional $356 million in aid. And to show support for the peace talks between the government and the MILF, the US Congress has earmarked $30 million this year for use in Muslim Mindanao, while USAID promises $20 million for next year.

Playing the subaltern in the war on terrorism has also enabled the Philippine military—essentially formed during the US colonial period—to push its own agenda to the forefront. Under Marcos, the size of the AFP increased dramatically, from 57,000 to 274,000 (including a paramilitary force of 65,000). With the ouster of the dictator and his shoe-loving wife, Imelda, in a 1986 bloodless revolution known as People Power, and with the decline in US military aid, the AFP's size has shrunk to 127,000. The 2004 budget for the army, air force and navy is less than $1 billion, hardly adequate given the decrepit state of much of its equipment, from aging M-14 and M-16 rifles to outmoded fighter planes, and the starvation wages of soldiers (though the government will raise their wages to the level of policemen's and public schoolteachers' salaries, which is still low but not absurdly so). Grunts and lower-level officers have a litany of complaints, ranging from meager meal allowances to inadequate clothing and faulty weaponry. But the one that saps morale the most is that of corruption at the top.

A 2001 study of military corruption by the nonprofit Philippine Center for Investigative Journalism (PCIJ) found that as much as 35–50 percent of military funds goes to kickbacks. Widespread malfeasance in high places was in fact one of the major charges leveled against the government by a group of 350 mutinous soldiers, led by junior-grade officers, who mounted a failed coup attempt this past July 27. (The men later denied any intent to seize power—a claim likely meant to reduce criminal charges against them but which flies in the face of seized documentary evidence detailing, among other things, the creation of a military junta.)

The officers accused their superiors of "selling bullets and arms from the government arsenal" to their enemies and of orchestrating recent bombings in Davao City—acts that have been blamed on the MILF but that the MILF denies committing—in order to receive antiterrorist funds from the United States. While the putsch was universally condemned, the officers' allegations drew widespread sympathy. Even AFP officials admit to corruption in their ranks. As one local journalist put it, waging war and getting money from the United States "is an industry."

Coup attempts are nothing new, and they have their roots in the politicization of the military, which began under Marcos, when

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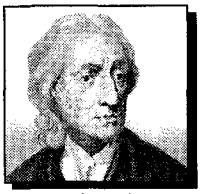
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military commanders amassed both power and wealth. A politicized AFP clearly represents a greater threat to the Arroyo government than either the MILF or the NPA. As for the Abu Sayyaf, the initial target of the first Balikatan exercise, the group served as a convenient foil, being, as even the Philippine government has stated, a small though extremely violent kidnap-for-ransom gang that does not and never did constitute a destabilizing threat to the Philippine government, much less to the United States [see Walden Bello, "A 'Second Front' in the Philippines," March 18, 2002].

Ironically, Marcos's 1986 downfall was precipitated by a military revolt, leading to People Power. The government of Corazon Aquino, who succeeded Marcos, was threatened by seven failed coups, one of which, in 1989, came dangerously close to toppling her. Fidel Ramos, her successor, is himself a retired general, a leader of the 1986 revolt and military chief of staff under Aquino. No military threats erupted during his six-year tenure. In 1995 he granted blanket amnesty to military rebels involved in various coup attempts. (The amnesty may have backfired, for one of those pardoned was Gringo Honasan, currently a senator, who went into hiding for a month after becoming a prime suspect in the July 27 coup attempt. The senator, implicated by the mutineers, has vowed to prove his innocence.)

The insurgencies have roots in legitimate grievances: landlessness, lack of economic and political power, human rights abuses.

Ramos's successor, Joseph Estrada, exited in disgrace late in 2000 when, in the midst of impeachment proceedings, the AFP withdrew its support from his government—a coup of sorts. Arroyo, Estrada's veep, was shaken by the July 27 attempt, for she has assiduously cultivated her relationship with the military. Even as her administration confronts two well-armed guerrilla groups, she needs to watch her back. An unspecified number of soldiers associated with the failed July rebellion are still at large. And the escape in July of the Indonesian Fathur Rohman al-Ghozi (a self-confessed member of Jemaah Islamiyah convicted in 2000 for the bombing of a Manila train and other targets) from a maximum-security military facility smacked of payoffs and sparked fears that renegade groups have sympathizers in the military.

The war on terrorism is as much one of words, centered on the label "terrorist." It can mean, as a character in *Alice in Wonderland* would have it, anything its user chooses it to mean. Marcos, according to Sheila Coronel, PCIJ's executive director and this year's Ramon Magsaysay awardee for journalism, was fond of pairing it with "communist" and "subversive" to tar anyone who opposed his regime. José Lacaba, a poet, journalist and former political prisoner under Marcos, believes both Bush and Arroyo "by their wholesale labeling are blurring the distinction" between ideologically driven groups like the NPA and the MILF, with their military targets, and a criminal gang like the Abu Sayyaf, which uses Islam as a cover for mayhem.

Reflecting on the warm welcome US troops got on the island of Basilan, a center of activity for the Abu Sayyaf, Coronel points out that Basilan has a fairly large Christian community. And, she says, alluding to the charges that the military units in pursuit of the Abu Sayyaf were on the gang's payroll, "Many Filipinos felt that the military was in cahoots with [the Abu Sayyaf], then why not have US involvement? People were sick and tired of the Abu." But she doubts that US troop presence in Mindanao will work: "That's very different. Memories of the Moro-American war are still very strong," referring to the campaign to pacify Mindanao that formed part of the brutal 1899 Philippine-American War. Muslim Filipinos still remember atrocities committed by American troops, such as the 1906 massacre of 900 largely defenseless Muslim men, women and children in Mt. Dajo, predating My Lai by more than half a century. Estimates of Filipino war casualties range from at least 250,000 to a million mostly civilian lives lost, compared with more than 4,000 American deaths.

As for resumption of peace talks with the MILF, President Bush, according to Ricardo Saludo, deputy spokesman for President Arroyo, hoped to witness the signing of a peace pact in time for his October 18 visit—an irresistible photo-op, now out of the question, where the Great White Father could have brought together two fractious children. But what exactly can the government offer the MILF? Not much, says Raul Rodrigo, columnist for the daily *Today*, who points out that the Autonomous Region in Muslim Mindanao (ARMM), created in accordance with a 1996 peace agreement with the now-defunct MNLF, is already in place. "There's really nothing left for the MILF." Expanding ARMM will be exceedingly difficult, since Christians now outnumber Muslims outside of ARMM areas.

Militarism has never worked in Mindanao, or elsewhere in the country. The twin insurgencies have their historical roots in legitimate grievances: landlessness, lack of economic and political power, and human rights abuses—grievances that date to Spanish colonial times. An army major, a former intelligence officer and veteran of the counterinsurgency wars, who agreed to be interviewed on condition of anonymity, admitted that what the AFP is doing "won't solve the problem. Insurgency is really a war of issues, not armed conflict. We need to look at the causes of the guerrillas' strength and focus on organizing, depriving them of their mass base," particularly in the case of the NPA, which he regards as the more intractable foe.

The focus on the MILF obscures the ongoing thirty-four-year-old conflict with the NPA, even as the guerrilla army has stepped up its attacks on army and police units. Talks with the National Democratic Front of the Philippines (NDFP), representing the NPA and the Communist Party of the Philippines (whose head, José Maria Sison, lives in exile at The Hague in the Netherlands), which have occurred in fits and starts since the late 1980s, are currently logjammed. The United States has labeled the NPA a terrorist organization, a status the NDFP would like to see lifted, even though Washington hasn't linked it to any foreign group. Spokesman Saludo says the Arroyo government has nothing to do with this, though it certainly hasn't objected to it either, raising the question of whether the government is serious about resuming talks with the country's oldest guerrilla army.

The militant left has declined somewhat from its heyday during the Marcos regime and Aquino's tenure. Randy David, eminent political scientist, newspaper columnist and professor at the University of the Philippines, says that in reaction to Ninoy

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Aquino's assassination in 1983, a middle-class opposition to Marcos emerged to marginalize the CPP-NPA-NDFP, a process that was accelerated when the left boycotted the elections of 1985—and one that culminated in the ouster of the Marcoses and Corazon Aquino's presidency. David concludes that "the left hasn't recovered from that." Nevertheless, with conditions worsening in the rural areas, the CPP-NPA-NDFP's insistent focus on agrarian reform and more equitable governance and distribution of wealth continues to appeal to large segments of the population. The stepped-up attacks against government forces signal President Arroyo that the NPA hasn't gone away.

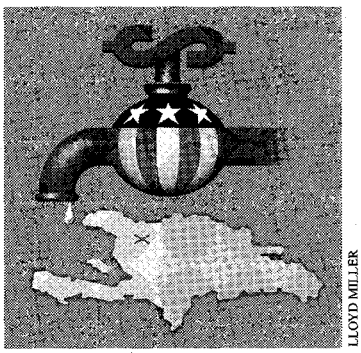
One nonmilitaristic way the United States could help the Arroyo government combat these two insurgencies is by forgiving a substantial part of the country's $60 billion foreign debt. The Philippines spends nearly a third of its budget just servicing this debt, moneys that could otherwise stimulate the economy and reduce the more than 50 percent poverty rate—still the single best recruiter of angry young militants. Of course, Manila needs to root out corruption in government, a sordid reality that in the long run wreaks more havoc than any insurgency. ■

WHY HAS THE US GOVERNMENT ABANDONED A COUNTRY IT ONCE SOUGHT TO LIBERATE?

The Trials of Haiti

TRACY KIDDER

In the winter of 2003, when war loomed in Iraq and every rock was suspected of concealing a terrorist, one might have imagined that the last thing on the minds of American diplomats would be a little impoverished country like Haiti, a mere third of an island, which lacks even an army. But the United States has a foreign policy everywhere, and, as a rule, the weaker and poorer the nation, the more powerful the policy is.



LLOYD MILLER

Most Americans if they visited Haiti would, I imagine, come away with new definitions of poverty. What you notice most of all are absences of the most basic things. Water, for instance. In a recent survey of the potable water supplies in 147 nations, Haiti ranked 147th. It's estimated that only 40 percent of Haiti's roughly 8 million people have access to clean water.

In the capital, Port-au-Prince, the morning after rain, you see working men take up manhole covers and lean in beneath the pavement, dipping buckets into the city's brimming drainage channels. They use the water to wash cars for pay, and occasionally, when the day gets hot, you'll see one of them invert a bucket over his head. This is very dangerous, because any contact with sewer water invites skin diseases and a mere thimbleful swallowed can cause bacillary dysentery.

All over Haiti, you see boys and girls carrying water, balancing plastic buckets on their heads as they trek long distances up and down the hillsides of Port-au-Prince or climb steep footpaths in the countryside. Many of the water-carriers are orphans, known as *restavek*—children who work as indentured servants for poor families. Contaminated water is one of the causes of Haiti's extemely high rate of maternal mortality, the main reason there are so many orphans available for carrying water. "Sanitation service systems are almost nonexistent," reads one development report. Many Haitians drink from rivers or polluted wells or stagnant reservoirs, adding citron, key lime juice, in the belief that this will make the water safe. The results are epidemic levels of diseases such as typhoid, and a great deal of acute and chronic diarrhea, which tends to flourish among children under 5, especially ones who are malnourished. Hunger is rampant. "Haitians today are estimated to be the fourth most undernourished people on earth, after Eritrea, Ethiopa, and Somalia," the World Bank reported in 2002. The cures for many waterborne ailments are simple. But in Haiti, it's estimated (almost certainly overestimated) that only 60 percent have access even to rudimentary healthcare. In the countryside, the vast majority have to travel at least an hour, over paths and main roads that resemble dry riverbeds, to reach health centers, which not only charge fees that most can't afford to pay but also lack the most basic provisions.

Last winter, I visited the centerpiece of Haiti's public health system, the University Hospital in Port-au-Prince. It was founded in 1918, during the time when American Marines occupied and essentially ran the country. It's a large complex of concrete buildings in the center of the city, and it seemed to be open when I arrived. My Haitian guide and I strolled over toward the pediatric wing. It seemed unnaturally quiet. No babies crying. Inside, the reason was obvious. There were no doctors or nurses or patients in sight, only a young male custodian, who explained that the doctors had recently ended a strike but that the nurses had now launched one of their own. Strikes at the hospital are frequent; this one had to do with current political strife.

"Where did the sick children go?" I asked my Haitian guide.

"They went home." She made a face. "To die."

We walked past rows of empty metal cribs, and then, turning a corner, down at the end of a long row of old metal beds with bare, stained mattresses, we saw a lone patient. A girl lying on her side, very thin in the arms and legs, with a swollen belly. Her mother, standing beside the bed, explained that the girl had been sick for a long time. The doctors said she had typhoid. When the strike began, the mother and daughter had simply stayed, because the mother didn't know what else to do. But a

Tracy Kidder's book Mountains Beyond Mountains *was recently published by Random House.*

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doctor did stop in now and then, and had left behind some pills.

At the hospital, the morgue, at least, was functioning. I looked into the one reserved for victims of diseases, mostly diseases that could have been prevented or cured. The door was made of corroded metal, like the door to a meat locker. The room inside was filled with trays on racks, stacked horizontally, several bodies per tray, the majority children, the little girls still in their dresses, bows in their hair.

Diarrhea alone kills sixty-eight Haitian children out of every 1,000 before the age of 5. Did many of the people in the morgue die because of dirty water? I asked the medical director.

"Oh, of course!" he said. He also told me, "Sometimes we have to put more bodies together than we're supposed to, because there isn't room."

Haiti is in dreadful shape. No one disputes the fact. So it seems odd that over the past few years foreign aid to the country has actually declined. Haiti still receives assistance, from the United States, the European Union, Canada, Japan and various United Nations organizations, but the total amount has been reduced by about two-thirds since 1995. The United States has cut its donations by more than half since 1999. The World Bank, meanwhile, has shut down its lending to the country, for the time being at least, and has closed its Haiti office, leaving behind only an administrator and driver.

Then there is the case of the Inter-American Development Bank. The IDB isn't as well-known as some of the other IFIs (the international financial institutions, or "Iffies" in aidspeak) but ranks as a major player in Latin America and the Caribbean. It has long been one of the most important lenders to Haiti. In the late 1990s it made comprehensive plans for a passel of new low-interest loans to address some of the country's most pressing needs—$148 million in all for improving roads, education and the public health system, and for increasing the supplies of potable water. But in the spring of 2001, when the loans were about to be disbursed, the US representative on the IDB board of executive directors wrote the bank's president asking that the process be halted. This was unusual. No member nation is supposed to be able to stop the disbursement of loans that are already approved. Nevertheless, the IDB complied. The Haitian government also lost access to loans it could have received from the IDB over the next several years, worth another $470 million.

The State Department seemed reluctant to discuss this matter. I was granted an interview with a senior department official only on condition that I not use his name. He told me it wasn't just the United States that had wanted to block the IDB loans; it was "a concerted effort" of the Organization of American States. The legal justification for blocking the loans, he said, originated at an OAS meeting called the Quebec City Summit, which produced something called the Declaration of Quebec City. But that document is dated April 22, 2001, and the letter from the IDB's US executive director asking that the loans not be disbursed is dated April 6, 2001. So it would seem that the effort became concerted after it was made. The reason for blocking the loans, according to the official, was "to bring pressure to bear on the Aristide government, to address what the OAS itself and other members of the international community saw as serious flaws in the 2000 electoral process."

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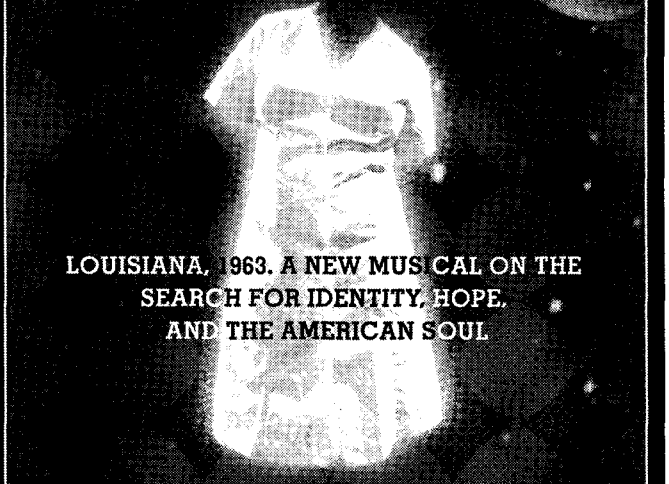

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The official was referring to elections held in May 2000, in which Jean-Bertrand Aristide's Lavalas political party won large majorities in both houses of the Haitian Parliament. Each candidate had to win a clear majority to avoid a runoff, but the election procedures made it impossible to determine whether some had won majorities or merely pluralities. This was the case with eight Senate seats, in seven of which Lavalas candidates had received the most votes. But the Provisional Electoral Council eschewed runoffs, and declared those eight the winners. Opposition parties claimed the elections had been stolen, and many foreign diplomats made a fuss. Soon, many were calling the entire election "fraudulent." This seemed rather harsh, given the fact that to a great extent, foreigners had financed, managed and monitored the proceedings, and in the immediate aftermath many observers had declared a victory for Haiti's fledgling democracy. Sixty-five percent of Haiti's eligible voters had turned out, many walking miles along mountain paths and waiting for hours in the hot sun to vote. Moreover, those eight contested Senate seats didn't affect the balance of legislative power. Even if they'd lost them all, Lavalas would still have had control of Parliament.

Over the past few years, the United States and the OAS have placed increasingly onerous conditions on the Aristide government.

The election didn't seem like a sufficient reason for cutting aid to Haiti. To me the State Department's explanation seemed like obvious diplomatic obfuscation, what diplomats called "irregularities in vote-counting" serving as the pretext for reducing the amount of money that went to Haiti's government.

Back in 1990, after centuries of slavery and dictatorship, Haitians finally got the chance to vote in free and fair elections. They chose Aristide, a Catholic priest from a poor parish of Port-au-Prince, as their president by an overwhelming margin—he received 67 percent of the vote in a field of thirteen candidates. Aristide's liberation theology—a doctrine whose central tenet is "to provide a preferential option for the poor"—won him a devout following among Haiti's poor but few friends in the first Bush Administration. After just seven months Aristide was deposed by a military junta, which ruled the country with great violence and cruelty for three years. Finally, in 1994, the Clinton Administration sent troops, which restored Aristide and his government. In the remaining year and a half of his term, Aristide made some small progress in rooting out the endemic corruption that various juntas and dictatorships had left behind. With the help of the United States, he also disbanded the Haitian Army, which the US Marines had reconstituted during the American occupation of Haiti in the early part of the century—an army, it was often said, that never knew an enemy besides the Haitian people.

An array of foreign governments and Iffies pledged their help in rebuilding Haiti, but many of the donors insisted that in return for their aid Aristide institute "structural economic adjustment"—the privatization of state-owned enterprises, for example. According to one diplomat who spent a great deal of time conferring with him, Aristide was "privately ambivalent and publicly ambiguous" about the Iffies' recipes for Haiti. Too ambiguous to suit some of his former admirers on the left, for whom neoliberal economic reform is anathema, but also too ambiguous to win over any of his numerous detractors on the right.

In 1996, Aristide, barred from seeking a consecutive term by the Haitian Constitution, endorsed as his replacement an old friend, René Préval, and for the first time in Haitian history, a democratically elected head of state turned over power to another. Aristide ran for president again in November 2000. Citing the unresolved flaws in the May legislative elections, the United States declined to assist or monitor the presidential elections, which the political opposition in Haiti also boycotted. Aristide won easily, though—and legitimately, in the eyes of most of the world. But by then he had acquired many detractors, a large and varied cast, mostly situated outside Haiti.

To the American right, liberation theology had long seemed like an especially dangerous doctrine, combining Marxist analysis with a call to connect the struggles of Christ to those of the poor. And Aristide's preaching and criticisms of the United States, combined with his great popularity among the Haitian poor, made him a natural target for right-wing politicians, such as Jesse Helms, who had denounced Aristide, even retailing slanders against him. Some of Aristide's early detractors are still in the American government. One of Helms's chief aides on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Roger Noriega, was until recently the permanent US representative to the OAS. In that capacity, he issued a number of statements criticizing Aristide and his government. Recently he was nominated as the Bush Administration's chief of policy on Latin America.

Today, Aristide's critics argue variously that he is guilty of fomenting corruption and violence, or of condoning them, or, at the very least, of being too irresolute to put a stop to them. And it may be that, as one former diplomat told me, Aristide returned to power in 1994 with a "never again" attitude, resolving that if his enemies had guns and thugs, he would not be without them either. When I interviewed Aristide, he allowed that the issue of controlling his supporters was "a preoccupation," and added that he couldn't control *agents provocateurs* who committed crimes in the name of Lavalas. (A common sort of charge in Haiti. Opposition leaders have claimed, for instance, that Lavalas staged the notorious armed attack on the presidential palace on December 17, 2001, in order to have a pretext to attack them.) Aristide also told me, "I will do more to try to provide security and push the judicial system to render justice and not to delay and delay."

I wasn't sure he'd get very far in those efforts. Haiti now has about 3,500 poorly trained and ill-equipped police, including many amenable to payoffs and bribes, and some involved in drug trafficking. The United States has withdrawn all its support for the police and judicial system and, with the OAS, has been demanding that Aristide improve security and the administration of justice. A State Department official told me that the United States was trying to give "recognized political parties as much training as possible so they can compete nationally." In fact, Washington has long tried to create a counterforce to Aristide's vast popular support—most preposterously back in the mid-1990s, when the American soldiers temporarily occupying the country were told by their commanders that a right-wing terrorist organization called FRAPH was the "loyal opposition" to Aristide.

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More recently, public documents show, the United States helped to create the main political opposition, the Democratic Convergence, and has aided it in developing platforms and strategies. In theory, this could be a laudable program; democracy benefits from real competition. But it is sinister if, as Aristide's supporters say, part of Washington's strategy is to make room for an opposition by crippling Aristide's government—by blocking IDB loans, for example.

Over the past few years, the United States and the OAS have placed increasingly onerous conditions on the Aristide government, which have included satisfying the demands of the political opposition. Foreign diplomats insisted that the senators in the contested seats resign; all did so several months after Aristide's re-election as president. Aristide has continually called for new elections, but the opposition has demanded that Aristide resign before they will cooperate. A State Department official in Haiti told me that the United States won't countenance such intransigence but also said that no support for new elections in Haiti will be forthcoming until Aristide improves "security," among other things. But it may be, as Aristide's supporters believe, that no support will be forthcoming until Washington thinks elections will yield the result it wants.

It seemed strange that the World Bank pulled out of Haiti, given that its mission statement reads, 'Our dream is a world free of poverty.'

There is no telling, of course, how new elections would turn out, but it is possible to guess. The United States has commissioned opinion polls in Haiti. These have not been released publicly, but I managed to obtain one, dated March 2002. The most striking thing about the data is that on many significant issues between 40 and 46 percent of those surveyed either refused to answer or said they had no opinion. Among those who responded, the poll reveals a rise in national cynicism. And the poll does show significant declines in Aristide's ratings from a poll conducted a year before, but those are declines from a very high level. About 60 percent of those who responded in 2002 named him as the leader they trusted most, and no more than 4 percent named anyone else. About 40 percent of respondents also named Lavalas as the political party they sympathized with, while only about 8 percent named the Convergence.

One foreign journalist recently wrote, "Among the disaffected former supporters [of Aristide] are virtually all of Haiti's leading intellectuals and artists, the persons who had best articulated the humane values that should be at the basis of any new Haitian society." But should Haiti's leading artists and intellectuals, however well articulated and humane their values, be the ones to define a new Haitian society? Perhaps 80 percent of Haitians live in poverty, about 70 percent in poverty so desperate that they've never had a chance to go to school, let alone become intellectuals. These are the people most often invoked in discussions about Haiti's suffering, but they are also the people least often consulted on the question of what should be done. The main exception has been elections. The Haitian poor demanded the right to vote. They ran grave risks to get it—in the aborted elections of 1987, for instance, when thugs employed by the junta in power gunned down would-be voters at polling places. And when they've finally had their chance, the impoverished majority has, time and again, turned out in large numbers and expressed their hopes by electing Aristide.

The saga of the blocked IDB loans has continued. In September 2002, the OAS seemed to relent a little, and resolved that the Iffies should resume normal relations with the Haitian government. But this had no immediate practical effect. The World Bank had no plans to make new loans. And the IDB couldn't disburse the loans for clean water and health and roads and education, because arrears had accumulated since 2000. Haiti now owed the bank millions more in debts on previous loans, ones taken out, ironically enough, by Aristide's predecessors—by "Baby Doc" Duvalier and by various military juntas that had tried to kill Aristide several times back in the late 1980s. Haiti didn't qualify for the international program of debt relief because Haiti didn't owe enough. It did, however, owe more than it could pay. So if the loans were going to be released, some foreign government or institution would have to make a bridge loan to Haiti. One senior State Department official told me that the United States was in favor of a bridge loan, but only if Aristide's government met various conditions. Clearly, the IDB loans were still being used to exert pressure on Aristide.

This past summer the Haitian government decided to pay the arrears itself, a total of $32 million, a sum that represented more than 90 percent of the country's foreign reserves. In effect, the government has all but bankrupted itself for the sake of those loans and in the hope of more to come.

Last winter I made a call to the World Bank, to the person then serving as its Caribbean country director, Orsalia Kalantzopoulos. I knew that the World Bank had run into the same problems as the IDB, and that loans were being held up by about $25 million in arrears. But I wondered why it had pulled out of the country. It seemed like a strange thing to do, given that its mission statement reads, "Our dream is a world free of poverty."

Kalantzopoulos told me, "The problem was that most of the projects, with very few exceptions, did not meet their objectives. In addition, the projects had a lot of execution problems. There was not proper procurement and sometimes money was not going to the projects described." She added, " The bottom line is, if there is not the political will to use the money properly, does it really make sense to mortgage the next generation?"

Of course, the status quo doesn't promise future generations much of a future in Haiti. And the Iffies are already making the current generation of Haitians pay for the sins of the past.

Today, the United States is passing almost all of its direct aid to Haiti through USAID, which then funnels the money to various NGOs. But according to Gerard Johnson, until recently the IDB's representative there, this tactic is only a palliative, not a cure. "In the sense of development, NGOs cannot replace the government. They can satisfy short-term humanitarian problems, they're very important as a partner to government, but I don't think you can avoid the government and do lasting development." The only real solution in the long run, Johnson felt, was to strengthen the institutions within Haiti, and one way to do that was through IDB loans. Haiti, he explained, has an informal economy, untaxed and

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untaxable, that probably accounts for about 85 percent of the country's employment. Incompetence and corruption are problems, but the bigger problem is that the government can't raise enough in taxes to do much more than pay its employees' salaries. Low-interest IDB loans could provide the capital for making real improvements.

There are a few examples of successes even in Haiti. One of Johnson's favorites was a recent Canadian project that had brought reliable electricity to the city of Jacmel. One of the most harmful legacies of the American occupation early in the twentieth century and of the Duvaliers' long rule has been the centralization of everything. The Jacmel project was so far fairly successful, Johnson thought, because the Aristide government had ceded control, including over revenues, to the local government. "This is exactly the model that we would like to replicate with the water loan," Johnson told me. "Support good governance, support local government, and that's definitely linked to democracy. The people are to stand in relation to the state to the point where they're willing to trust enough to pay their water rates, which sounds like something automatic in Washington, DC, but in Haiti when you pay your water rate, you may or may not get water."

Of course, some opponents of neoliberal economic reform believe that poor countries should have no truck with the Iffies, because the conditions that are invariably attached to their aid usually end up doing further harm to the poor. I raised this objection with Dr. Paul Farmer. He is a professor of medicine and medical anthropology at Harvard and the medical director of a remarkably effective and expanding public health system in a desperately impoverished region of rural Haiti. He has also published a number of articles critical of the Iffies and neoliberal economic reforms. He told me, "Anti-neoliberal people say Haiti would be better off without the IMF and the World Bank and the IDB, but there's no topsoil left in a lot of the country, there are no jobs, people are dying of AIDS and coughing their lungs out with TB, and the poor don't have enough to eat. These are problems in the here and now. Something has to be done. Haiti is flat broke, and I don't see what else the government can do but turn to the Iffies. It's the job of the true friends of Haiti to protect it from the hypocrisies of the Iffies."

I have spent portions of the past three years in Haiti, mostly in the country's famished, deforested central plateau. During that time I've met a number of people who describe themselves as peasants, among them a man in his 30s, named Ti Jean Gabriel. When I spoke with him last winter in Haiti, he said he wished he could talk with President Bush and tell him about the problems in the country. He could tell his own story, how when he was 8 he had so few clothes that he used to work naked in his father's field. "I feel like if I could get to the right person, so I could explain the situation..."

I told him that some people thought giving more aid to Haiti now would be a mistake. What was his response to that?

He leaned toward me. "I will answer your question with a question," he said. "You have seen Haiti. Do you think Haiti needs more aid?" ■

EXCHANGE
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

Peters's text is where he got the quote.

Yet another problem goes to the concluding sentence from the Harvard guidelines quoted above. Dershowitz echoes Peters's mistakes. From Twain she cites as one continuous text what are in fact two separate paragraphs separated by eighty-seven pages. Dershowitz follows suit. He's handcuffed to Peters in a more serious breach of scholarship when he plagiarizes her erroneous citation of British consular official Wm. T. Young's supposedly first-person description to Lord Canning of an instance of anti-Semitism in Jerusalem. The description was not Young's but a memorandum by one A. Benisch, which Young was forwarding.

Another bloodied glove, as it were, comes with Dershowitz's attribution of the unlovely neologism "turnspeak" to George Orwell. This was a coinage by Peters, who cited Orwell as having inspired it. Glazed with literary pillage, and ever eager to suppress the fact that he was relying heavily on one of the most notorious laughingstocks of Middle Eastern scholarship, Dershowitz seized on Orwell as the source, once again cutting Peters out.

Quoting *The Chicago Manual of Style*, Dershowitz artfully implies that he followed the rules by citing "the original" as opposed to the secondary source, Peters. He misrepresents *Chicago* here, where "the original" means merely the origin of the borrowed material, which is, in this instance, Peters.

Now look at the second bit of the quote from *Chicago*, chastely separated from the preceding sentence by a demure three-point ellipsis. As my associate Kate Levin has discovered, this passage ("To cite a source from a secondary source...") occurs on page 727, which is no less than 590 pages later than the material before the ellipsis, in a section titled "Citations Taken from Secondary Sources." Here's the full quote, with what Dershowitz left out set in bold: " '*Quoted in*.' To cite a source from a secondary source ("quoted in...") is generally to be discouraged, **since authors are expected to have examined the works they cite. If an original source is unavailable, however, both the original and the secondary source must be listed**."

So *Chicago* is clearly insisting that unless Dershowitz went to the originals, he was obliged to cite Peters. Finkelstein has conclusively demonstrated that he didn't go to the originals. Plagiarism, QED, plus added time for willful distortion of the language of *Chicago*'s guidelines, cobbling together two separate discussions.

Some time ago three judges on a Florida appeals court overturned a $145 million landmark judgment against tobacco companies. In their decision the judges appropriated without acknowledgment extensive swaths of the brief put forward by the tobacco companies' well-paid lawyers. The judges were sued for judicial plagiarism, and, as so often, Dershowitz had a pithy quote: "If a student ever did what this judge did, he'd be tossed out on his rear end from Harvard Law School. We teach our students as a matter of ethics that when you borrow, you attribute."

Amherst professor Sayres Rudy, who says his credentials are "from the ground up," i.e., based on honor codes he enforced (Davidson) or examined (UVA, The Citadel), has studied the Dershowitz/Peters case: "I can say unequivocally that under Davidson College's and other schools' honor codes Dershowitz's quotations constitute plagiarism, with clear attempt to deceive as to (A) his research and (B) his findings. Thus his plagiarism is serious and unambiguous, and if it were a student in question, the debate would regard levels of punishment. Maximal punishments would be considered without any doubt, including at UVA expulsion, at Davidson two-term suspension, and at military schools such as West Point or The Citadel a discharge."

But then, Dershowitz isn't a student. He's the Felix Frankfurter Professor at Harvard Law School, meaning presumably that he's beyond reform. Two-tier justice for all!

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

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COMMENT

(Continued From Page 7)

the same action again." Aside from a passing reference to "the whole murky trade in WMD," the closest Blair came to explaining why was an admission that "it's not so much American unilateralism I fear. It's isolation. It's walking away when we need to get America there engaged." Given the Prime Minister's perfunctory nods at climate change and his commitment to "staying with" American policy on the Middle East, Blair doesn't seem to expect his policy of constructive engagement with the Bush Administration to bear fruit anytime soon.

What Blair does expect, with a certainty that would be unpardonably arrogant were there any realistic prospect of disappointment, is "a full third term" in power. As he reminded the delegates, Blair is the first Labour Prime Minister ever to reach six and a half continuous years in office. Describing past Labour government as "a spasmodic interval punctuating otherwise unbroken Conservative rule," Blair warned that he is in no mood for self-criticism: "I can only go one way. I've not got a reverse gear." The terms of Blair's bargain couldn't be plainer: Stick with me, and you will remain in power through the end of the decade, or take your chances without me. Only a day earlier Gordon Brown, Chancellor of the Exchequer and the only plausible rival for party leadership, delivered a rousing call for a return to old-time "Labour values," which prompted a two-minute standing ovation. Blair's insistence on his own values, his defiant claim that "New Labour for me was never a departure from belief," kept them clapping for seven minutes.

Some of Blair's confidence comes precisely from having made the party over in his own image. Gone are the days when left-wing unions dominated the conference proceedings and when awkward motions by left-wing constituencies embarrassed the party leadership. In those days the Labour Party conference really was the center of the action—and in those days the party was out of power most of the time. Unions are still the biggest source of Labour funding, and on domestic issues like foundation hospitals—a government proposal to allow the private sector into parts of the National Health Service—or a conference motion to allow universities to charge different rates of tuition, the unions showed enough muscle to defeat the government. But those largely symbolic victories came at the price of colluding with government efforts to stifle debate on the war.

"I don't think a debate on Iraq would have been relevant," said Manjinder Shergill, a Transport and General Workers' Union delegate from Glasgow.

On the night the conference began, Channel 4 broadcast *The Deal*, a docudrama about the relationship between Brown and Blair. Besides turning political rivalry into gripping television, director Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Dirty, Pretty Things*) performed an important public service, as the program's audience share also functions as a census of the British *classe politique*. Of the five shows on, *The Deal* finished dead last, with 1.4 million viewers—about half as many as the movie *American Pie*. To put this in context, a couple of weeks later, a live broadcast of a man playing Russian roulette, also on Channel 4, drew 3 million viewers.

Does this matter? Blair's great success has been to turn the Labour Party from a mass movement into a niche market. Of course in this, as in so many other things, he is merely following America's lead. At this rate the next Labour Party conference will have all the empty pageantry of a Democratic or Republican convention—right down to the cascading balloons. And at this rate, dissenters in Britain, whether on the war on Iraq or the dismantling of the welfare state, will have nowhere to go but into the streets.

D.D. GUTTENPLAN

D.D. Guttenplan writes from The Nation*'s London bureau.*

Pay Artists, Not 'Owners'

So far as one can tell from their recent behavior, the recording companies believe that the survival of civilization depends on terrorizing 12-year-olds. Among the 261 lawsuits filed by the Recording Industry Association of America on September 8, the preteen set has figured prominently, along with college students and (to the industry's embarrassment) a teenaged recent immigrant from Poland, whose stash of online music turned out to include mostly recordings of Polish folk songs and Hungarian hip-hop—two genres of music not controlled by the five companies that "own" 90 percent of the nation's music.

The recent vicious turn in the file-sharing struggle marks a new epoch in the defeat of ownership: Suing your own customers is not a sustainable business model. But the oligopolists of culture are running out of alternatives. It's worth stepping back a little to see why, in the larger context, they are doomed to fail.

Until Thomas Edison's inventions, the vast majority of human cultural activity was not subject to the metaphor of "intellectual property." Copyright, as a device for protecting publishers under the guise of protecting authors, affected only printed works in the nineteenth century. The Edison revolution made recorded music and video possible, and also made it possible to apply the metaphor of "property" to the intangible forms of creation that were embodied in the new physical recording media of phonograph records and motion picture film. The twentieth century understood culture in terms of the physical artifacts that contained it, and so the metaphor of property made sense for the justification of the monopolies in distribution that copyright law afforded the increasingly concentrated oligopoly of "media" or "content" companies.

But the metaphors of property that made sense in the Age of Edison are no longer useful in the Age of the Internet. Culture is now carried in digital form, as "bitstreams" that can be copied and distributed to everyone frictionlessly. Treating those bitstreams as property means trying to prohibit sharing: The recording industry—which has done no small amount of stealing from musicians in its brief history—likes to claim that sharing a song with someone else is equivalent to stealing a CD from a store. But the metaphor is neither technically sound nor morally acceptable to the first generation of the twenty-first century. All over the world the children of the Internet Age recognize that networks are for sharing data, and that technology makes excluding those who don't pay literally impossible. Growing up with the

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Net means distrusting the equation of sharing with stealing that seems so convincing to the generation born before we learned how to connect everyone to everyone else.

So the moral consensus that lay behind the idea of intellectual property has fractured, readmitting to visibility an earlier critique of the ownership of ideas. Perfect digital copying and costless electronic distribution raise once again the issue of the morality of exclusion: If we can give everyone on earth a copy of any digital work of beauty or utility for the same price that we make the first copy, why is it ever moral to exclude anyone from anything? If we could duplicate loaves and fishes by pressing a button, it would be immoral to charge more for food than some people could afford to pay. In the Age of the Internet, the wealth of culture "owners" depends on a view of morality that condemns sharing and ignores the injustice of exclusion.

To support their position, the middlemen whose activity has become not only unnecessary but morally repugnant put forward the false claim that without their effort to extinguish sharing, artists will starve. The spectacle of an oligarchy that keeps about 94 cents of each dollar paid for music posturing as the friend of the musician would be sickening were it not absurd. But the question "How will artists be paid in a world of file-sharing?" has seemed to many the crowning objection in the oligarch's case.

In fact, of course, musicians and other artists thrived before Edison turned culture into commodities. And there is every reason to believe that new forms of interaction between artist and audience can actually improve artists' financial lot. The same network that makes it trivial to share music with the click of a button makes it similarly easy to transmit a dollar to an e-mail address, without friction and without loss. The online auction phenomenon has already accustomed millions of Americans to the model: an individual seller auctioning off an item she owns receives payment from an individual buyer through PayPal, a system that allows reliable and secure bank transfers or credit card transactions through e-mail, with a click. This technology can allow audiences to pay creators directly, through the software on their computers that downloads and plays the music, in turn enabling the musicians to pay for the services (engineering, promotion, production assistance) that support their art. If those of us who can afford it were to set up our computers to pay a quarter automatically to the artist for each song we get by sharing and decide to keep, musicians would earn enough to repay everyone in the creative chain (songwriters, producers, engineers) while keeping more than the pittance the "owners" condescend to award them now.

Audiences and artists don't need the middlemen anymore. Their reason for being is defunct, and they are trying to maintain themselves by force. But it won't work. They can sue some of the people some of the time, but they can't sue all of the people all of the time.

EBEN MOGLEN

Eben Moglen, a professor at Columbia University Law School, has been representing parties sued by the recording industry and is working on a book about the death of intellectual property. You can read more of his writing at http://moglen.law.columbia.edu.

Letter From Ground Zero

(Continued From Page 8)

credence to the latter illusion, and criticized the press for failing to dispel it. There is justification for both criticisms, but deeper forces may be at work. Connecting the war on Iraq to September 11 has always been difficult work for the Administration. Many of its members had made no secret of their wish to overthrow Saddam Hussein long before the attack on American soil. (In 1998 neoconservative commentators William Kristol and Robert Kagan; Richard Perle, now a member of the Defense Policy Board; Elliott Abrams, now National Security Council Senior Director for Near East and North African Affairs; Richard Armitage, now Deputy Secretary of State; John Bolton, now Under Secretary of State; Douglas Feith, Under Secretary of Defense for Policy; Donald Rumsfeld, now Defense Secretary; and Paul Wolfowitz, now Deputy Secretary of Defense, sent President Clinton a letter calling for the United States to attack and overthrow Saddam.)

The elaborate argumentation by which the Administration sought to present this pre-existing wish as part of the post-9/11 "war on terror" has always been strained and difficult to follow as well as factually doubtful. Saddam seeks weapons of mass destruction—the argument ran—he supports terrorists; terrorists, too, want weapons of mass destruction; he may grant their wish; they may use them against the United States; therefore we must overthrow Saddam. Tenuous as this logic was, it had the political virtue of tying the war on Iraq to the 9/11 attacks.

A large part of the public, it appears, may have accepted the conclusion while overlooking the argumentation. That is, it may have seen the Iraq war as—somehow or other—a response to September 11 while never quite absorbing the allegation that provided the supposed link: the supposed Iraqi nuclear, biological and chemical threat. After all, September 11—not the President's speeches thereafter—was the emotional and political earthshaker in the hearts and minds of the American people. The public's reactions in the future may therefore depend on whether it continues to associate September 11 with the war. But recent events, including the casualties suffered by US forces in Iraq, are tending to force the two apart in the public mind. The moment—will it be a year from now, when the presidential election is held?—that the public ceases to connect the attack and the war may well be the moment it holds the Administration accountable for the disaster it has brought to the United States and the world in Iraq.

Of all the responsibilities of government, the decision to go to war is the most grave. Can an Administration take the country to war on false pretexts and get away with it? A year ago, the issue was war and peace. Now the issue is the integrity of the American political system. Not democracy in Iraq or even the entire Middle East—that fading mirage—but democracy in the United States is now at stake.

Jonathan Schell, the Harold Willens Peace Fellow of the Nation Institute, is the author of the recently published The Unconquerable World: Power, Nonviolence, and the Will of the People *(Metropolitan).*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Local Color

MELANIE REHAK

THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE.
By Jonathan Lethem.
Doubleday. 511 pp. $26.

"There were two worlds." So begins Dylan Ebdus, the boy hero who grows up in the pages of *The Fortress of Solitude*, Jonathan Lethem's rich, dizzying new novel of Brooklyn, adolescence, comic books, crime, doo-wop, punk, fathers, sons and a thousand other phenomena, including supernatural powers. It is 1970-something, and everywhere Dylan looks it seems clear that, as the law of physics has it, for every force, there is an opposite but equal force; "two worlds" doesn't even begin to cover it. There is the relatively sheltered space inside his hippie parents' brownstone versus the lawless terrain of busted-slate sidewalks and racially motivated bullies outside it. Thanks to his parents' bohemian delusions, Dylan is the only white kid on his block. His best friend, Mingus Rude, is black, the son of a spent, increasingly drug-addled soul singer named Barrett Rude Jr., who lives down the street. The two of them, named for musical legends that mark their origins every bit as clearly as their skin tones, form a little universe that defies the social contracts of the neighborhood—two color-blind boys against the world.

Add to this Dylan's own father, Abraham, an unhappy man secreted away in the top floor of the family brownstone painting endless frames of an abstract movie, and the eventual lure of a possibly more peaceful Manhattan high school across the river as the antidote to Brooklyn middle school terror, and it isn't difficult to understand why young Dylan feels the need to categorize. He's desperate to figure out what belongs where, not least himself. But he's handicapped from the start. Early in the novel, his mother, Rachel, abandons her husband and son, present thereafter only through a series of inscrutable postcards sent from the open road. She imparts to her only child enormous pain, as well as the lesson that no matter how hard he tries to understand the parameters of his life, they'll always elude him. When Dylan eventually leaves home, he learns the painful inverse of that lesson: No matter what world you live in, the ones you've left behind stay with you, parallel universes of your own imagination. Living on the West Coast, having grown up to be a music critic, he tells his irritated California girlfriend, "My childhood is the only part of my life that wasn't... overwhelmed by my childhood."

Dylan's tales of growing up take up the bulk of Lethem's novel, and they are the best part of it, too. The angst of Dylan the adult is more annoying than compelling, especially compared with his youthful crises, and Lethem's writing in the later sections of the novel loses the elastic, intensely dreamy quality that binds Dylan's early life so magically to the streets in which it takes place. *The Fortress of Solitude* is as much autobiographical *Bildungsroman* as anything else—Dylan follows the path Lethem has followed, away from Brooklyn to Bennington (called Camden here) and Berkeley, and finally home again in an effort to resolve his past—and the novel is Lethem's valentine to the complicated, perilous and intermittently gorgeous hours of his childhood. He writes as only the truly smitten can:

> Two afternoons a week, sitting in the dimming light on Dylan's stoop, never discussing fifth or sixth grade, stuff too basic and mysterious to mention. Instead just

The Fortress of Solitude is Lethem's valentine to the complicated, perilous and intermittently gorgeous hours of childhood.

Melanie Rehak is a Mel and Lois Tukman Fellow at the New York Public Library's Dorothy and Lewis B. Cullman Center for Scholars and Writers. She is working on a book about the original author and publisher of the Nancy Drew Mystery Series.

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The Fortress of Solitude is crammed with such pleasurable minutiae—the social currency of the pink rubber Spaldeen ball (which, incidentally, you can buy through a link on the *FOS* website), the intricacies of preserving first editions of comic books in mylar bags, the proper way to chalk a sidewalk game, the correct method of heisting spray paint from a department store, and on and on. It also captures the roiling of the era in broader sweeps. The tensions and fault lines of the 1970s and '80s run through it as crookedly as the cracked paving stones, and scattered all around them are the Puerto Rican girls with their jewelry, swiveling their mesmerizing hips, the forays into graffiti and drugs, the projects and crack dens, the drooping ailanthus trees on every block and the nerdy classmate who teaches Dylan how to play chess and fakes asthma attacks when he's in danger of getting beat up on the playground. All together, the multitude evokes, with considerable poignancy, not just a Brooklyn childhood but the long taffy-pull of time that seems to go on forever while one waits to grow up anywhere, fear and amazement combining and recombining every moment. And yet somehow, the growing up happens. As Dylan reflects soberly at one point during his middle school career: "It wasn't for children, seventh grade. You could read the stress of even entering the building in the postures of the teachers, the security guards. Nobody could relax in such a racial and hormonal disaster area. Bodies ranged like ugly cartoons, as though someone without talent was scribbling in flesh."

The Fortress of Solitude is a very different kind of novel in many ways from Lethem's previous works. It is sprawling where he has tended to be concise, and it is more socially realistic than his other books, most of which have been mostly sci-fi and dystopian visions. But really, only the surface is different. Beneath the hard-boiled futuristic San Francisco private investigator in Lethem's first novel, *Gun, With Occasional Music*—a Philip Marlowe meets Philip K. Dick marvel—is the same nostalgia for a world gone by that the adult Dylan Ebdus feels for Brooklyn. *Gun* was the first of a series of genre-bending books that Lethem published between 1994 and 1999, but despite their disparate forms, all of them kept the idea of maneuvering through multiple worlds at their core. *Amnesia Moon* (1995) is about mind control and dreamscapes, but really about how people make their own realities. Lethem followed it with *As She Climbed Across the Table*, a nearly ordinary campus novel that dives into new dimensions when a young female physics professor falls in love with a man-made black hole in the college laboratory nicknamed "Lack" and becomes obsessed with getting through it to the other side.

All of this time, one senses, Lethem was dancing around the one idea in his head that wouldn't go away, his own parallel universe: Brooklyn. He began to creep back to it in novel number four, *Girl in Landscape*, where his home borough appeared in the novel's opening chapters as a ruined, ozone-depleted shell of itself, a place only worth abandoning for another planet. When his characters resettle on their new frontier, Brooklyn remains a symbol of everything lost to them. They're Dylan Ebdus gone intergalactic instead of just to California.

It was *Motherless Brooklyn*, Lethem's fifth novel in as many years, that finally landed him back in the old neighborhood, with a bang that woke the literary world. He dreamed up a group of orphans, some Italian mobsters and Lionel Essrog, an intense, utterly endearing amateur private eye with Tourette's syndrome. Lethem left the other dimensions of science fiction behind, finally, but created a different kind of alternate universe in Essrog's mind, a place in which words take on different meaning and all bets are off concerning the ordinary rules of conversation and behavior. "I seethed

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behind the scenes with language and conspiracies, inversions of logic, sudden jerks and jabs of insult," he confesses. In Lethem's hands, this half-dark world of faulty brain wiring is as whole and convincing as the streets of Brooklyn, a place into which it's possible to disappear entirely. As Essrog notes: "A Touretter can also be The Invisible Man."

Which brings us back to *The Fortress of Solitude*, and a certain afternoon in Dylan Ebdus's 14th year on which he thinks his whole life will change, a promise that is fulfilled but not in the ways he expects. He is given a ring by a homeless man, and before long, he discovers that it gives him the power to fly. He shares his secret with Mingus, and the two of them together—still two boys against the world despite their divergent paths, Dylan to a good high school and Mingus to full-time drug addiction—take on the persona of Aeroman, a crime-fighting superhero, complete with costume, who ends up using his powers to put graffiti in hard-to-reach places instead of to save people, as they intend. When they grow older, the power of the ring changes inexplicably, now making its wearer invisible. "When...the ring first came into my hand I believed that flying was the denominator, the bottom line of superheroic being," Dylan muses in retrospect. "Any superhero flew, even if they had to cheat by vaulting or floating on bubbles of conjured force or riding in hovercraft. So it was a flying ring. By the time I wore it again on that Berkeley hill I knew differently. Invisibility was what every superhero *really* had in common. After all, who'd ever seen one?"

While it doesn't lead to safer streets, finally the ring does fulfill a purpose both for Dylan and for the resolution of Lethem's novel. By granting him the power to literally disappear, the trinket gives him a way to make peace with having been somehow invisible his entire life. "I'd spent fifteen or twenty years being angry at rappers, black and white equally, for their pretense, for claiming the right to wear street experiences, real or feigned, like badges, when mine were unshown," he acknowledges toward the end of the book, soon after he's spent hours devoting himself to writing the liner notes for a box set of Barrett Rude Jr.'s music lest it be forgotten. "I'd spent fifteen or twenty years senselessly furious at them one and all for...being ahistorical and a lie...for not knowing what I knew." Apparently even secret powers can't save us from ourselves until we do the hard work alone. And if it seems a bit odd to include an entirely fantastical subplot in the midst of a novel so firmly, even painfully, rooted in the real world, well, it is. But only a very little bit. It has always been one of Lethem's gifts as a writer to make even his most futuristic, postapocalyptic universes and characters as humane and well observed as the city streets he chronicles in *The Fortress of Solitude*. If anyone can make you believe it's possible to fall in love with a void, or that a homeless man can fly and a prison break can be aided by powers of invisibility, it's him.

Ultimately, of course, the flying and the prison break aren't the issues: Loss is. "This change in the ring seemed a message that Aeroman had grown up," Dylan realizes. "Invisibility was sly and urban and might just do the trick. I was made ready for something." And so, he makes peace with the spiriting away of his cosmos by nasty old progress—"The O'Jays and Manhattans and Barry White ballads we'd loathed were now, with well-mixed martinis or a good zinfandel, foundation elements in any reasonably competent seduction. From the evidence of the radio I might have come of age in a race-blind utopia."—and the disappearance of his mother, and when he's done, he looks at his life head-on and sees it for the first time. "Abraham was the father I never had, and Rachel was the mother I never had, and Gowanus or Boerum Hill was the home I never had, everything was only itself however many names it carried."

This leaves Mingus, now sitting in prison upstate and not entirely unhappy about it. Dylan goes to see him, and understands that his friend has also discovered that youth flares much brighter in the mind than anywhere else, that "the stories you told yourself—which you pretended to recall as if they'd happened every afternoon of an infinite summer—were really a pocketful of days distorted into legend, another jailhouse exaggeration, like the dimensions of those ballpoint-crosshatched tits or of the purported mountains of blow you once used to enjoy, or how you'd bellowed an avenger's roar when you squeezed the trigger of a pistol you'd actually brandished in self-pissing terror. How often had that hydrant even been opened? Did you jet water through a car window, what, twice at best? Summer burned just a few afternoons long, in the end."

The original Fortress of Solitude was Superman's private retreat, carved into a mountainside near the North Pole. In it, he secreted likenesses of his friends, his parents, the people whose lives he was trying to save and a host of other private mementos he wanted to keep safe and ponder on

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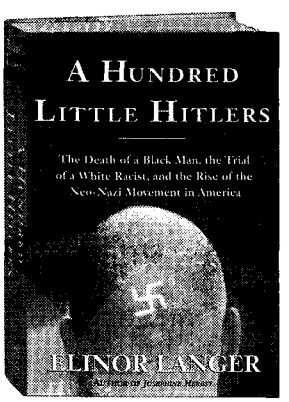
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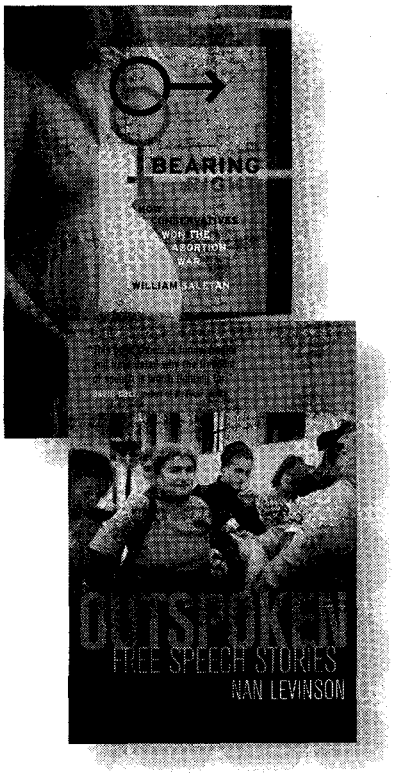

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occasion. Lethem's *Fortress of Solitude* is its author's own time capsule—his whole world stowed away, perhaps as a touchstone for rough days ahead. Unlike Superman's cavern, though, it is a profoundly generous place, both in what it forgives and in its proprietor's willingness to invite us, fortunate guests, inside. ■

The Man Without Qualities

DAVID BROMWICH

THE NAMESAKE. By Jhumpa Lahiri. Houghton Mifflin. 291 pp. $24.

The hero of *The Namesake* is an American of Bengali parentage named Gogol Ganguli. Odd names are hard on a child, and Gogol, at a hint from his parents, changes his first name to Nikhil: a doubtful improvement. But what was he to do? Gogol's father believes that he owes his life to Nikolai Gogol, the author of "The Overcoat," the book in his hand when he was rescued from a train wreck. The great Russian story, a fantastic proof of the adage that "clothes make the man," has inspired Jhumpa Lahiri to draw a delicate moral. Clothes and all the things that clothes may stand for—custom, habit, culture—are not enough to make a man. They tell you everything except what you need to know. Lahiri is an intuitive writer, very sparing in her use of the external shorthand of street names, family trees, the evidence of taste or pedigree. The backgrounds of her characters are apt to emerge in a turn of speech, or a memory that does not admit itself to be a memory. And yet, by the end of *The Namesake*, we have come to know Gogol Ganguli as well as we know most people. We know him well enough to stand back. His name and nationality, the job he works at, where he has lived, the people he has known—these data exhaust his case but they do not explain him.

The people in Lahiri's fiction—the stories in *Interpreter of Maladies* as well as this novel—often find an obscure comfort amid their larger dislocations. It may come as a prompting from habit or fetish, or from bodily necessity. So at the start of this novel, before the birth of the hero, Gogol's mother, Ashima, "wonders if she is the only Indian person in the hospital, but a gentle twitch from the baby reminds her that she is, technically speaking, not alone." The same charm against loneliness is shared in some fashion by Gogol's father, Ashoke. Yet the story is narrated in the present tense, which can seem to maroon people in the present moment, so that art becomes even slower than life. The experiment must have appealed to Lahiri because the present tense may also bring to mind the contingency of action and suffering, the things people do and the things that happen. It suggests a world without design, in which nothing is decided before it occurs. This is part of the freedom of Lahiri's characters, a freedom she does not confuse with happiness.

Lahiri is an efficient narrator but a born writer of scenes. The chapters on Gogol's childhood have an attractive economy of detail—as when his sister Sonia grips his hand on their first return to India, where the parents have shown themselves to be bolder and louder than the children have seen them before; or when we are told that Sonia's "braces have come off her teeth, revealing a confident, frequent, American smile." Yet no one will wish these chapters longer. In the latter two-thirds of the book, as soon as two characters meet and start to talk, the pages seem touched by magic. This is especially true of the scenes between Gogol and the women in his life, Ruth, Maxine and Moushumi. Lahiri has a fine tact for the foreshadowings of love—the hand pushing back a strand of hair, the longer pause before good night, the impartial question that allows no possibility of small talk. "What's Calcutta like? Is it beautiful?" Gogol's falling out of love with Ruth when she returns from a stay in England is captured in the very sound of her speech, laced with its new locutions, "I imagine," "I suppose," "You could come as well." When he goes to dine with Maxine and her parents at their house, he is surprised by the ease of the family and "feels a pleasant ache at his temples, and a sudden gratitude for the day and where it has brought him." A lesser writer would have elaborately described all this. Jhumpa Lahiri shows it.

Most love comes out of an arbitrary mood that one person or maybe two have

David Bromwich teaches English at Yale. His most recent book is Skeptical Music: Essays on Modern Poetry *(Chicago).*

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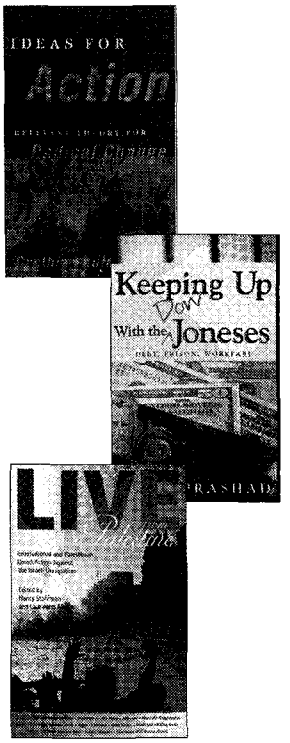
cherished without seeing that they ever made a choice. Ruth is a contemporary, someone beside whom Gogol learns of the world. His love for Maxine goes deeper because both are older, but also because it is a dream and mostly a happy dream. It is not only Maxine that he cares for but her parents and their way of life in New York: familiar, generous, both private and outgoing. He is enchanted by their summer place in New Hampshire, where he first sees the night sky in the country, the stars "crowded together, a mess of dust and gems." He leaves Maxine when the death of his father reminds him that he has never felt her to be a sharer in his family. This is the book's only conventional piece of plotting.

Moushumi, who becomes Gogol's grown-up love, is the strongest character in *The Namesake*. She is rendered keenly, absorbingly, from the outside in, with an intimacy that stirs and unsettles. And one comes away from the book uneasily still thinking about Moushumi—her Dunhills, her perfume (as Gogol smells it) "something slightly overpowering that makes him think of wet moss and prunes," her drive for self-improvement and her gathering recognition that she is fundamentally adrift. A headlong willfulness is oddly mingled with reticence when Moushumi says, on their first date, arranged by their parents: "So, I've never done this before." A rhythm of speech and almost a personality are in the comma. Something about Moushumi gets under the skin of this novel, and the novel is the better for it. She is a doctoral candidate in French literature. Why, to nerve herself for an adulterous affair, does she reread *The Red and the Black* in English? Because she would. It is one of those touches that when they are right earn a reader's perfect trust in the novelist. This portrait, so gentle in much of its shading, is ironic in the sense that we are made to see things about Moushumi that she does not see about herself. The academic-bohemian milieu in which she moves is deftly rendered, bourgeois, postmodern, turning everything to style, instructed in all the relevant forms of care of the self. "I," says one of her friends, "just have so much more energy if I stay off wheat."

Almost all the characters have been given something of Lahiri's own sensitivity to the surfaces of things—the poetry of brand names, for instance, as they strike a person who is beginning to know English well: "Skippy, Hood, Bumble Bee, Land O'Lakes"; or the attractiveness to a bookish girl of "the Modern Library emblem, the dashing, naked, torch-bearing figure." The foreground of Gogol's technical training as



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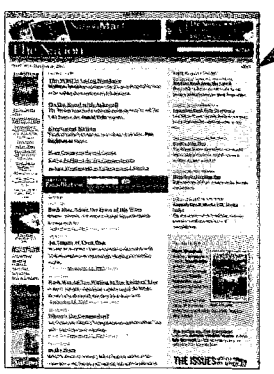

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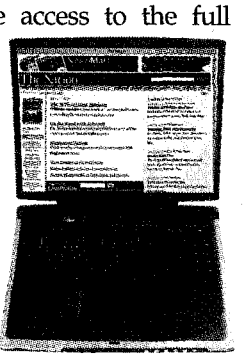

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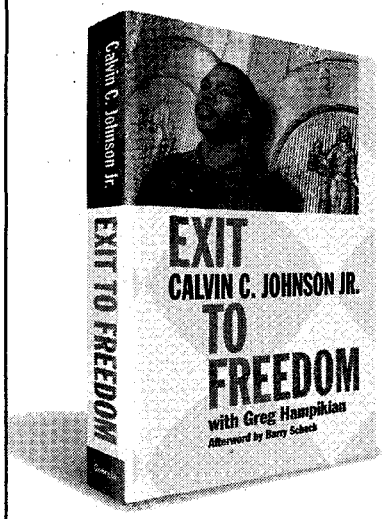

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an architect, the colleges around which parts of the book are set (Harvard, Yale, Columbia), all the necessary qualifying details are finely observed without ostentation. It is not clear why Moushumi would xerox a page of Flaubert for students to translate on the first day of beginning French, but possibly this is a joke about Moushumi, or about the teaching of French, too subtle to be detected by an ordinary ear.

Children played a major part in some of the best stories in *Interpreter of Maladies*—"Mrs. Sen's," "Sexy," "When Mr. Pirzada Came to Dine"—saying their blunt or chastening things or else watching the grown-ups with speechless wonder. In view of those stories, it is curious to reflect that Gogol, whom the novel leaves at the age of 30, makes no firm impression even as a child. He is a passive character, from all we see of him, a fit vehicle for a story that means to show the accidents that add up to a life. Nor does the author altogether love this hero. She says about him, with an uncharacteristic omniscience, that the "Tomorrow" speech of *Macbeth* that he memorizes for school will be "the only lines of poetry he will know by heart for the rest of his life." The prophecy is clearly earned, but the knowledge is predigested. The truth is that Lahiri is a little restless in Gogol's company. She can see all the way to the end of him.

This is not a novel written to a thesis. But Lahiri does occasionally pause to address preoccupations that, one cannot help thinking, matter less to her than to serious people whom she feels that she ought to respect. So we are shown Gogol dining with Gerald and Lydia, Maxine's parents, suddenly prey to the disturbing thought that "he cannot imagine his parents sitting at Lydia and Gerald's table." The urgency of such a detail does not properly belong to Gogol's thoughts. It "belongs" to the situation from a sociological point of view. A book full of such moments would become what *The Namesake* is not, the story of a predicament rather than a person. Another sort of prodding comes in the form of thematic mindfulness. Seeing a picture of Moushumi as a child, Gogol tries to remove it from a scrapbook and finds it will not peel away but "clings stubbornly, refusing to detach cleanly from the past." Again, when Moushumi's previous boyfriend is heard in a flashback speaking lightly of her Bengali relations, we get a paraphrase of her feeling: "It was one thing for her to reject her background, to be critical of her family's heritage, another to hear it from him." The real workings of the process of individuation, the sense of the past and present, and the arousal of defensive pride are neither so conscious as this nor so transparent. Still, the didactic pressure in *The Namesake* comes to very little; in *Interpreter of Maladies*, it was even less.

When a master of the short story publishes her first novel, reviewers who have never written a story or a novel may affect a preposterous tone of mellow practical wisdom. This review will now take full advantage of that prerogative. A novel plumbs deeper than a story and can evoke many of the shadows and doubts that fill a life. Though it is the longer form, it gains more from the force of the unsaid. A good short story concludes; a good novel cannot do that—it resists the episodic way of putting things in nutshells. The humor of Lahiri's stories, usually reserved, but with its own gaudy patches and flares, is mostly absent from *The Namesake*. This was not inevitable; it emerged from her choice of a hero. Yet her novel touches us almost everywhere with the truth of more than one life, and it does not lack the vulgar appeal without which art stops short at a decorous success. There are scenes you do not want to let go of, subsidiary characters whom you would like to hold on to much longer. We say young writer, but an accomplished writer is ageless, and in this second book Lahiri's pace and accent are unmistakable: somber, unrushed, acute in the exposure they offer to life's injuries and to its inroads of hope. Far from using the expanse to riot in melodrama, she remains, here as in her stories, almost the reverse of a dramatic writer.

Her gift is a power of sympathy that makes us concerned with the luck of her characters even when she is letting us know that the luck will end. It is a mark of self-possession that there are no magnificent climaxes here. The great changes in the story—a death, a separation, the beginnings of self-recognition in the hero—all take place offstage. As in life, the provocations to feeling or to action do not occur in step with the conscious thoughts of the characters. Yet a nice formal symmetry, lightly cued, is completed when a story that began with Ashima's journey to America ends with her journey back to India. Meanwhile, Lahiri has sailed quite free of the hazards of the generational novel, in which the lives of immigrant parents loom up as a series of anxieties and the lives of first-generation Americans as a guilty fulfillment. Growth, this novel says, is the reward of nothing but time, and time takes away too much. ■

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La Japonaise

JENNIFER EGAN

AMERICAN WOMAN. By Susan Choi. HarperCollins. 369 pp. $24.95.

With each last reverberation from the world of 1960s and '70s radicalism—the recent parole of Kathy Boudin, for example, a member of the Weather Underground who served twenty-two years in prison for her part in the murder of three people in 1981—the mindset of that era seems more remote. Our cultural distance from it is especially striking now, engaged as we are in another open-ended war that is viscerally unpopular among the chattering classes. Yet the convulsion of rage and excitement and purpose that gripped American and European youth in the late 1960s and early '70s is nowhere to be found today. And the violent acts that a very small portion of that youth committed seem more incomprehensible now than ever before.

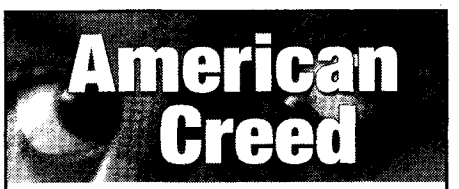
Susan Choi's beautiful and disturbing second novel, *American Woman*, set in 1974, not only takes place among that violent cohort but includes in its cast of characters the underground's most famous denizen, Patty Hearst. While Hearst is never mentioned in the book by name—not even in the acknowledgments—Choi's research clearly included *Every Secret Thing*, Hearst's account of her 1974 kidnapping by the Symbionese Liberation Army and all that followed.

The protagonist of *American Woman* is a relatively minor player in the Hearst drama: Wendy Yoshimura (Choi calls her Jenny Shimada), the onetime lover and accomplice of Willie Brandt (here called William Weeks), a Berkeley student who bombed buildings and was arrested and jailed in 1972. Yoshimura, who went underground to escape arrest, took part in what was later known as the "lost year" in the Patty Hearst saga—the period of time between Hearst's escape with Bill and Emily Harris from the firestorm that destroyed the SLA in 1974, and their arrest in 1975. *American Woman* is Choi's reimagining of that year, from Jenny's perspective. Though it places the reader smack in the churn of events, its tone is calmly reflective, as if Choi were holding a curious object up to the light and turning it slowly. Her inquiry extends well beyond the obvious question of how seemingly "normal" people could have been sucked into the outlaw life. Or rather, in the course of trying to answer that question, she renders a lucid study of the gravitational pull of race and class in America, its ability to crush the most naïvely passionate fantasies of unity.

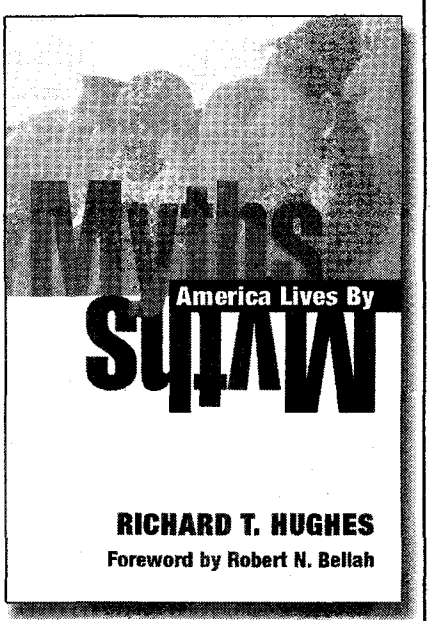
In a somewhat jumbled start, the novel opens with Rob Frazer, a sports pundit and underground impresario (based on the real-life character of Jack Scott), combing the area around Rhinebeck, New York, in search of Jenny, who has been underground for two years. Frazer has managed to smuggle the three remaining members of the SLA—a couple called Juan and Yvonne (Bill and Emily Harris) and their former captive, Pauline (Tania, née Patty Hearst)—to the East Coast, where he plans to lodge them in a rented farmhouse so they can transcribe their adventures for a book. He wants Jenny to babysit the fugitives in return for a cut of the book's proceeds. Jenny refuses in horror—worn down by underground life, she's considered turning herself in—but for reasons that aren't clear, in a scene we don't witness, Jenny changes her mind and signs on.

It's the first of several baffling decisions Jenny makes in the course of the book; Choi is fascinated by ways pivotal change comes about inadvertently—through misunderstanding or inattention or sheer inertia. Describing the first bomb she brought inside a building, Jenny muses, "What did it mean when people said, 'I've decided...?' Did anyone ever truly decide? A brand-new white purse set in place, her quick footsteps away; that had been a decision. And yet she couldn't recall when and where she'd *decided* to do that." While Jenny undertakes the trying task of managing the fugitives, we learn that her father, the son of Japanese immigrants, was interned during World War II—an experience that so alienated him from America he later immigrated with Jenny (whose mother had died) to Japan, only to find himself equally alienated there. The two returned to America after five years, when Jenny was 14. Choi's depictions of Jim Shimada, a solitary gar-

Jennifer Egan's most recent book is Look at Me *(Anchor).*



"We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."



Richard T. Hughes identifies five key myths central to the American experience—the myths of the Chosen Nation, Nature's Nation, Christian Nation, Millennial Nation, and Innocent Nation. Drawing on a range of dissenting voices, Hughes shows that by canonizing these myths as absolute truths, America risks undermining the egalitarian promise of the Declaration of Independence.

As a cautionary example, Hughes argues that the Innocent Nation myth prevents many Americans from understanding, or even discussing, the complex motivations of the 9/11 terrorists.

"Hughes has done the nation a great service in making us see ourselves as we are and as others see us. This is one book George Bush and company should read, and fast."
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dener, are softly devastating. Recalling Jenny's childhood home, she writes:

> There was a sideline in appliance repair; half-deconstructed mechanisms would be gathering dust on the tables, on old sheets of newspaper. Her father's indifferent bookkeeping would have strewn sales slips everywhere. In the huge handmade urn near the door was their massive jade plant, like some vegetal form of an elephant, all winding coarse trunks and great rubbery ears; the dim light would reflect off the leaves. They never dusted or vacuumed or swept, but her father did wipe every leaf of that tree with a damp cotton cloth once a week.

While it's clear that Jenny's rage at the American government on her father's behalf is the deep engine of her radicalism, the catalyst for her involvement was a man, William Weeks, of whom her father disapproved and whom she ended up choosing in his stead. "William became her world," Choi writes, "his language her language. She remembered thinking to herself, and sometimes even daring to utter aloud that They Had Become Lovers. And she remembered the joy she'd felt being propelled, by a manner of speech she would never have used, toward a life she had never imagined." Father and daughter haven't spoken in years, and the paradox of their estrangement forms the book's emotional core.

Jenny, with her Asian face, has instant credibility among the radicals, and Choi's rendering of the kneejerk racial pieties of that world may be her most trenchant contribution to the literature of the counterculture. When the first bomb Jenny plants explodes, "William sees her quaking...and kneels quickly before her, grabs her hands...as if she is a child. 'Think of that being dropped onto people,' he hisses. 'Balls of fire dropped down onto children. Little children who look just like you.'" To the radical left, Jenny is a symbol of everything worth fighting for. And the very nature of her symbolism brings her into conflict with Pauline, whose symbolism is the inversion of her own. "She knows how important she is," Juan says to Jenny of the heiress. "The Publicity Princess. But she's still got to learn that there's no substitute for a Third World perspective like yours. Brown, yellow, black, red: those are four things that she'll never be. And she isn't just white, she's a filthy rich white...she can't kill what she is. She can only atone."

As women chafing against their symbolic freight and growing weary of the overbearing males who are as plentiful inside the radical movement as outside it, Jenny and Pauline have much in common. In time they figure this out. After Juan and Yolanda's plan for a bloodless robbery goes brutally awry, Jenny escapes with Pauline and the two make a lengthy drive back to San Francisco. This exodus is Choi's real flight of fancy: the part of the story with no apparent basis in reality, and the occasion for some of her strongest writing. In describing the boundary-less intimacy between the two women, Choi brings us closest to the sensory experience of underground life, or, as she puts it, "dropping into a rabbits' warren of the imagination where reinvention of the self was possible." In a world without rules, the daughter of a man jailed for his Japanese blood can merge, in some sense, with the daughter of the man whose newspapers championed internment camps. Choi beautifully evokes the eroticism inherent in this liminal existence. "Prior history all seems unreal," she writes. Jenny and Pauline "don't remember that they are two girls, fabulous prey, on the run from the law everywhere. In this sticky cocoon it's surprising, perhaps, that they never make love to each other." Pauline, we learn, has had sex with women in the years since her kidnapping. "She's done it, at the outset always more obediently than with desire, then abruptly overshooting desire for something narcotic and unprecedented. Yet now it is barely remembered; it is the way, though they don't realize yet, this time also will be."

In dishing up the swoony blend of violence, sexuality and self-creation that coalesces in underground life, Choi's narrative achieves an immediacy that it sometimes lacks when her stance is more analytical. For all the pages we spend inside Jenny's head, she often comes across as someone viewed from a distance. For example, several times during her tenure in the farmhouse we're told that she's reading, but never *what* she reads. (Hearst gives us more on that front; in *Every Secret Thing*, Yoshimura is caught reading a book on French separatism in Quebec, for which Bill Harris "lambasted her unmercifully for wasting her time on such a bourgeois irrelevant subject.") And Jenny speaks to her fellow fugitives with such unfailing reasonableness—always demurring, for ex-

Two Poems by Marianne Moore

Eight of Marianne Moore's major poems were published in *The Nation* in the 1940s and '50s, including "The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing," "In Distrust of Merits" and "A Carriage From Sweden." In keeping with the tradition of featuring her work, we present now two of her poems, hitherto unpublished, undated and dedicated to peace on earth. They are from *The Poems of Marianne Moore*, edited by Grace Schulman, forthcoming from Viking Penguin in October.

Containing roughly twice as many poems as *Complete Poems* (1968), the new edition includes poems that have appeared only in literary journals or earlier books, and some, like the following, not at all.

Pale Morning Moon, Dark Blue Black Sea

green cypresses all black against
the sun's noon fire, liberty is
noble food. To divide
it makes it more; more of it, not
outstanding—futile word. When insight
is not farsight, when grace would be
outstanding without having been
indwelling, there is reason to have sighed.

Boll–i–var, Bow–lee–var, I don't
know what you call it but I know
he set them free. For the
strengthenings of liberty, thought
of in our minds, done with our fingers,
hoped for in our lives, we're asking,
save us from the captivity
of surfeit; save us from complacency.

To Peace

Word that trembles with the glory
Of self-conquest, mend, control.
Thirst for quickening compassion,
Grow till craving make us whole.

Power of God, alive with glory,
Unself-love as majesty,
Make us one, submerging hatred;
Peace of heaven, make us free.

"To Peace" was apparently composed to Friedrich Schiller's "Ode to Joy," which concludes Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. A note on the reverse side of the manuscript acknowledges Schiller's hymn.

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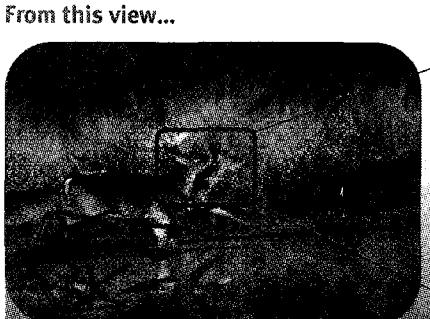

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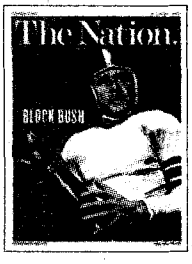

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ample, when she is lauded for being Asian, apparently never for even one second buying into the notion of her specialness—that it can be hard to imagine her taking the actions she does, despite her persuasive psychology. I longed for the unreason of Jenny's actions to infect her thoughts and words—it would have allowed me to experience her plight in a more urgent way.

Of course, the very nature of liminal states is that they must end, and the normal rules of life reassert themselves. For Jenny and Pauline, that end comes in the form of their arrest inside their shared apartment, at which point they are separated forever. Jenny is crushed to discover that despite their promises to shield each other from blame, Pauline betrays her instantly. Later, Jenny comes to see that this betrayal was as inevitable as her allegiance to the heiress was unlikely. "Pauline had realized her adventure was over," Choi writes. "Pauline knew that her place in the world was assured—she need only resolve to accept it. And she had, out of fear, or resignation, or hard pragmatism, or perhaps just because, for them both, youth had come to an end." The decision wasn't really a decision, in other words, so much as a relaxation into the grip of forces—race, class, history—that are hard to transcend for very long, much less destroy.

Jenny, too, has a place in the world: She is her father's daughter. Choi doesn't show us the reunion between them, and her restraint is both what keeps *American Woman* from ever listing into sappiness or cliché, and what maintains an emotional distance between reader and story. But Jenny and her father find each other again, and the book's last scene—their visit to a reunion at the camp where Jim Shimada was interned—is just right.

Still, I couldn't help wondering, as I read *American Woman*, what Wendy Yoshimura would think of it. Patty Hearst is a public figure, a period icon who by now must be accustomed to the fact that she pops up in the dream lives of a certain generation of Americans. But Yoshimura, a California painter, has kept a low profile all these years. She has never written a book about her experiences. Should she ever decide to, she'll find herself up against a work of real achievement that is built around the facts of her early life. Choi's reflective voice has its price: This is not a novel that subsumes the reader in a whirligig of emotion and suspense, though at times I wished it would. But it is deeply impressive: confident, historically astute, psychologically persuasive. By its end I had come to believe this pithy remark of Frazer's that jumped at me in its opening pages: "The most shocking act, closely examined, is just a louder version of some habitual gesture." ■

FILMS

Love Streams

STUART KLAWANS

MYSTIC RIVER • SCHOOL OF ROCK • BUS 174

Clint Eastwood's *Mystic River*, which opened this year's New York Film Festival on a somber but resonant note, is perhaps the finest western ever to be set in South Boston. Huddled clapboard houses substitute for the raw-plank architecture of the frontier town; an industrial bridge provides background sublimity in the absence of mountains. As always in an Eastwood western, the action takes place in an enclosed community that prefers to operate by its own rules; and as always, terrible secrets haunt the characters. Terrible wrongs are avenged and redoubled.

Of course, some viewers prefer to classify *Mystic River* with Eastwood's police movies; and they're not entirely wrong. In the role of Sean Devine, a detective with the Massachusetts state troopers, lean and clean-featured Kevin Bacon closely approximates one of Eastwood's own tight-lipped cops, never raising his voice, continually struggling to hold himself in. But the Eastwood detective usually pursues some taunting, demonic version of himself. Devine must contend with a pair of contrasting alter egos, both of them figures from his childhood on these streets: Jimmy Markum (Sean Penn), the big man in his little neighborhood, and Dave Boyle (Tim Robbins), who shuffles meekly around the bars and back porches and sometimes

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thinks he's one of the Undead.

He is, at a minimum, unfinished. That much is obvious from a square of sidewalk into which Dave and his buddies scratched their names some thirty years ago: Jimmy, Sean, Da. Now the memory of the event that interrupted Dave's hand is literally set in concrete, right on the street: the visible sign of something lost in him, something irremediably broken in the neighborhood.

What might turn that lingering pain into a present danger? A saloon, a six-shooter, a code of manliness.

Based on a novel by Dennis Lehane, *Mystic River* tells about guilt and suspicion in a working-class neighborhood—about young people abused and murdered, about generation after generation raging for revenge. Clearly, this story moved Eastwood to a seriousness he hasn't practiced since *Unforgiven* and *A Perfect World*. In the less ambitious projects that have piled up in recent years, the unfussiness that is one of his chief virtues as a director has sometimes turned into his biggest flaw; you wondered, during certain scenes of *Space Cowboys* or *Blood Work*, whether you were seeing the movie or the dailies. In *Mystic River*, though, Eastwood's clarity and strength are apparent from the start, even in the casting of the briefest roles. It's enough, in the devastating prologue, to see three boys playing hockey in the street to know which will grow up to be Sean Penn and which is doomed to become Tim Robbins. When the grown-ups take the screen, their sureness matches the director's. The performances seem to enter their bodies straight up from the pavement.

Robbins is the one who deploys his technique most openly: pushing a Boston accent against his hard palate and up into the nose, inventing a complete body language of shrugs and hesitations. A slight studiousness hangs about the performance; and yet he's also the actor who becomes the most daring and spontaneous. Dave is falling apart; and Robbins really lets the pieces crash. You see the effect not so much when he gets to scream—anyone can flail about—as in the quieter scenes, as when he tells his son a bedtime story that runs out of control. Dave's words, which are disturbing in themselves, become all the spookier for Robbins's way of listening to himself, as if he, too, were puzzled by what's coming out. Eastwood completes the mystery for him, shooting him against a background of infinite darkness, with only the left half of his face visible in a window's pale light.

Eastwood subjects Sean Penn to no such murk. As Jimmy, a convenience store owner with a dead daughter and a surprisingly complicated agenda, Penn has all the forcefulness that's been drained from Dave plus a few gallons more, despite his coming before you with a furrowed brow and gray at his temples. You sense this man is too old to be acting like the neighborhood tough; but like Dave, he's been tugged back into the past, reverting to a role he gave up years ago. Jimmy can still carry it off, but it weighs on him, as Penn shows you. He wears his muscles like a suit of armor; he rarely hauls his voice out of the lower dungeon of his throat.

Of the three leads, Bacon must remain the most controlled, not just because the character demands it but also because he's filling in for an icon. Sean Devine is the part a younger Eastwood would have played. Bacon, of course, is not an icon—he's famously versatile, which precludes such status—and yet he succeeds in making the role his own, despite having to deal with the distraction of a wretchedly underdeveloped subplot. In addition to its other elements, *Mystic River* is a story of three marriages: Jimmy's with the equally tough Annabeth (Laura Linney), Dave's with the equally tremulous Celeste (Marcia Gay Harden) and Sean's with a woman who is absent for almost the whole movie. Why is she absent? What must Sean do to get her back? How does his implied failure intersect with the other characters' problems? The answers drop into the story very late, as if by magic; while Bacon, a consummate pro, pretends that all is normal.

This is merely to say that the film suffers from the false moments—some improbable, others annunciatory—that usually come with a Brian Helgeland screenplay. I also might complain that the rhythms are sometimes choppy (there being none of the long, fluid sequences that you found even in *The Bridges of Madison County*) and that the music, by the composer Clint Eastwood, ought to have been cranked down a few decibels by his director.

Minor shortcomings, in the context of everything the film gets right. *Mystic River* may be a western at heart, but it knows its old-style city neighborhood as few other American films do. How accurate, how just, that practically the only bright color in this movie should burst out at the very end, when two shattered families pass before the cold eyes of a cop who knows everything and can do nothing. It's autumn, and a little parade is going down the street; people are doing their best to celebrate. Soon, you can tell, the first snow will fall; at which point the wounds will be buried still deeper, under a uniform, wan, grayish blue that hides but can never numb.

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Unstately, plump Jack Black violates twenty-four times a second the comic actor's primary rule, "Don't show that you think you're funny." What do rules matter to a hurricane? When Black is blowing at full force—eyes rattling, hands wriggling, voice and pelvis shooting about in parallel abandonment—he's wild enough to turn himself into a one-man pomp-rock band, without benefit of costumes, props or musical accompaniment. He performs this trick, along with many other nifty turns, in *School of Rock*, a film that should be avoided by anyone who dislikes laughter, children, music and good cheer.

Black's character in the film, a would-be guitar god named Dewey, is one of those cases of arrested development so common in the beer-soaked caverns of rock. Although he's already well into his 30s, Dewey has no adult sexual relationships, financial resources or domestic space. Then comes a stroke of karma, or the clever hand of screenwriter Mike White: Dewey finds his level, becoming the substitute teacher for a class of sixth graders. Of course, they know more than he does about every subject except rock (appalling, the ignorance of these 11-year-olds when it comes to arena bands of the 1970s); and when he forms them, on the sly, into a group of their own, they play and sing better than he does. No matter. Dewey has rock-and-roll attitude—and in the lovely but improbable view of *School of Rock*, that's what's most lacking in today's youth.

Richard Linklater directed, bringing to Dewey the same amused sympathy with which he's chronicled the lives of the *Dazed and Confused*. Linklater is also an experimenter (as he's proved throughout his career, from *Slacker* through *Waking Life*); and he's satisfied this side of his nature, too, despite the present picture's conventional form. For *School of Rock*, Linklater actually put together a band made up of 10- and 11-year-olds. (Only the drummer was a ringer; he was 13.) It's predictable that when the kids at last perform in the story's Battle of the Bands, everybody onscreen will cheer. What's unforeseen about *School of Rock*, and wonderful, is that you feel like joining in.

In June 2000, a young man named Sandro do Nascimento tried to rob the passengers on a bus in Rio de Janeiro, was interrupted by the police and took eleven passengers hostage. A SWAT team quickly showed up, followed by TV crews and crowds of onlookers. The ensuing standoff became a public event, comparable perhaps to the police chase after O.J. Simpson's van, only far more significant and horrifying. For one thing, Sandro, unlike O.J., represented a very large class of citizens: Brazil's homeless kids. For another thing, the deaths took place on camera.

José Padilha's riveting, comprehensive, deeply thoughtful documentary *Bus 174* covers not only the incident itself but also the biography of Sandro do Nascimento (a brief and appalling tale), the lives of Rio's street kids, the sociology of the police and the grim realities of the penal system. In terms of sheer legwork, what Padilha achieved is astonishing. He obtained interviews with Sandro's family, surviving hostages, SWAT team members, journalists and informed commentators—everyone except the government officials who intervened so disastrously in the standoff. What's more, Padilha brought together a variety of news footage of the event, which lets you see and hear Sandro for yourself.

He was 21 at the time and looked about 40. Ragged, coked up and starved-looking, he was unmistakably desperate in these last hours of his life but was just as clearly at a high pitch of excitement. Now that he'd inadvertently got everyone's attention, this man who'd been kept voiceless and invisible was able to command the public stage. As Padilha notes, the price of the performance was awful—and so long as Brazil doesn't change, you may expect it to be paid again.

Bus 174 is now playing in New York City at Film Forum and will go into national release in November. ■

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NEW YORK

Common Cause/NY

■ Common Cause/NY will honor New Yorkers who are fighting for a more open and accountable government at its sixth annual I Love an Ethical NY event at 5:30 PM on Wednesday, October 15, at the Heartbeat Restaurant in the W Hotel. Derek Bok, Ronald Dworkin, Agnes Gund, Aryeh Neier, Drew Nieporent, Frederick A.O. Schwartz Jr. and George Soros will co-chair the event. The awards ceremony will honor: Lewis B. Cullman for his long history of activism, his outspoken efforts to seek truth from government and his deep commitment to civic engagement among youth; the diverse coalition of individuals who fought on behalf of all New Yorkers against the closed-door process and bookkeeping at the MTA that led to this past summer's controversial transit-fare hike, including Gene Russianoff, Brian O'Dwyer, members of the Straphangers Campaign and the lead attorneys in the case, and Carol Prendergast, managing director of the Downtown Community Resource Center and co-founder and chair of the New York–based Coalition in Support of Survivors of Torture. The cocktail reception, accompanied by a jazz trio, will be held from 5:30–6:30 PM at Heartbeat Restaurant, named one of the Best New Restaurants by *Wine Spectator* magazine in 2001. The awards ceremony will take place from 6:30–7:30 PM and speakers and presenters will include: the Honorable Alan Hevesi, Norma U. Levitt, the Honorable Eric T. Schneiderman, George Soros, the Honorable William C. Thompson and Common Cause's new national president Chellie Pingree. Hosts and sponsors include Margaret Fung, Jay Hershenson, Ruth Messinger, Kweisi Mfume, Larry Rockefeller and Mike Wallace. State Senator Liz Krueger and New York City Public Advocate Betsy Gotbaum will attend the reception. For more information or to reserve tickets, contact Common Cause/NY at (800) 300-8707. Proceeds will benefit Common Cause/NY, a citizen's lobby working for open and accountable government. Contributions are not tax-deductible.

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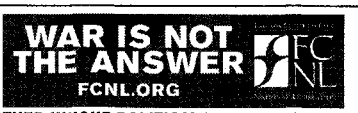

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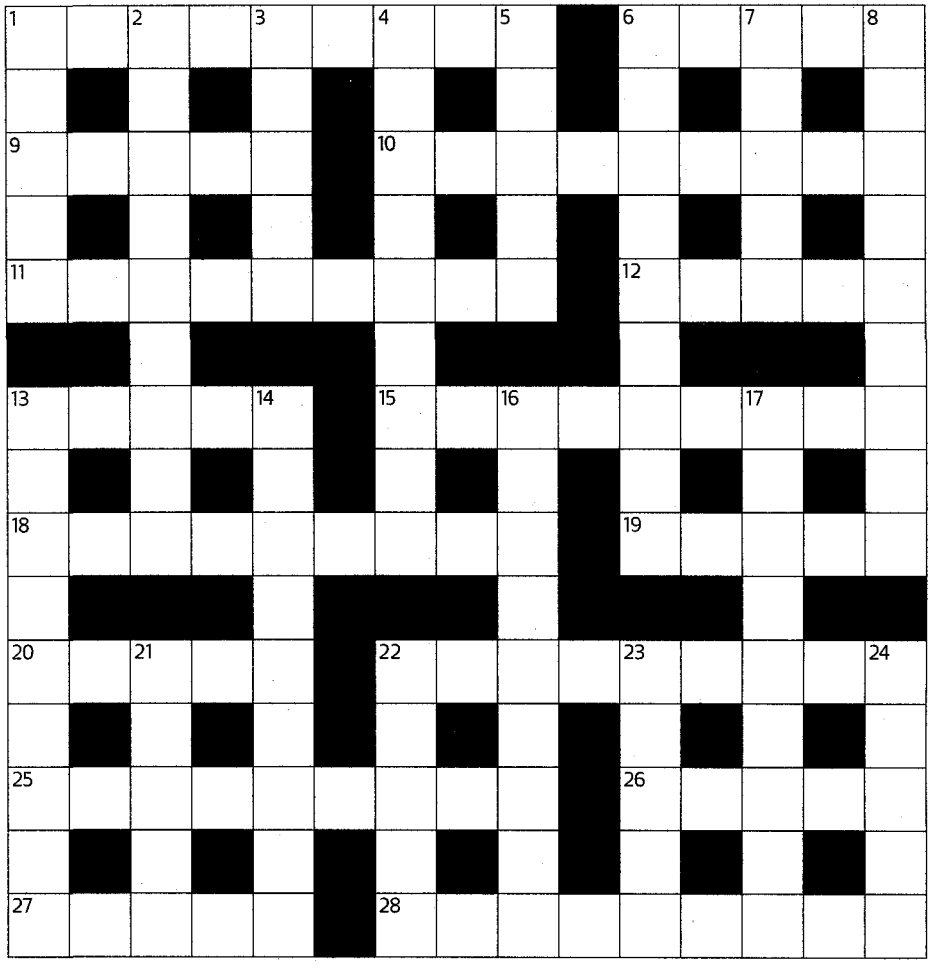

ACROSS

1 and **6** across Spread tar on the plank this way, and toss someone to the sharks. (5,9)

9 The sea had a point to eleven in the old movie. (5)

10 They seem to be courageous, rather than just chicken, but they get batted around. (9)

11 The crooked stream follows what the mill was in the song, with a perfect picture of such. (3,6)

12 Is in a muddle, but it's an important bit of land that sticks out. (5)

13 This could be described as being rather hippy, for a sort of cilia. (5)

15 Later, both might be different, since it bodes well for the wedding. (9)

18 All white and furry, according to the translated parable, or what might have been in Nanook. (5,4)

19 Obviously the lowest part of a drain that needs cleaning up. (5)

20 Proving a bird is better than a birdie. (5)

22 Tan proved rather odd for such a piece of furniture. (9)

25 What one might say to a cat getting badly treed, and thrown all over the place. (9)

26 Didn't have any use for this sort of death, logically! (5)

27 and **28** Probably gets about zero, even though deserves high marks for someone like Toscanini. (14)

DOWN

1 If you want this sort of picture, hop to it! (5)

2 One might do a lot of walking here, but the sights are always the same! (9)

3 Hell of a start for an up-and-coming girl—possibly because she uses this on her hair! (5)

4 In the game, if not a bear or silver, for example, it might be this. (9)

5 The spirit otherwise is spoken of, but not proven. (5)

6 Possibly what one sees of swans in the water, though this is under them—and one avoids a fight this way. (5,4)

7 A well-known highway for people belonging to a mixed clan. (5)

8 One may be proud of his spirit, but possibly Caesar comes up with what controls the way the craft goes. (9)

13 Obtains the crew illegally, and perhaps causes people to raise their eyebrows. (9)

14 A well-known beach walker who made the fish come in. (9)

16 Did famously! (But one might also consider the thin Dover variety!) (7,2)

17 Being hot and dry, sat with them awkwardly, but one might detect the water with it. (9)

21 One's reach exceeds it, they sometimes say, with a large number on file. (5)

22 Such a column has style, but you can see it stick up on a little less than a hundred. (5)

23 A famous leader, but he gets up given the sort of runaround with it. (5)

24 The style that o[illegible] o-door type, almost. (5)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2911

O	U	T	R	A	N	K	■	P	I	G	E	O	N	S
N	■	I	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	I	■	U	■	C
E	X	T	R	A	■	T	A	N	■	G	O	N	E	R
S	■	A	■	F	■	E	■	K	■	G	■	C	■	A
P	U	N	J	A	B	■	O	■	E	L	D	E	S	T
O	■	■	■	T	A	U	R	I	N	E	■	■	■	C
T	I	E	R	■	L	■	I	■	J	■	B	U	S	H
■	N	■	E	F	T	S	O	O	N	■	F	■	■	■
P	A	D	S	■	O	■	O	■	I	■	P	O	R	T
E	■	■	■	B	U	R	N	I	N	G	■	■	■	O
R	A	T	H	E	R	■	S	■	S	E	R	V	E	D
K	■	R	■	U	■	W	■	S	■	R	■	E	■	D
S	T	O	O	L	■	H	I	P	■	M	U	R	A	L
U	■	U	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	A	■	D	■	E
P	O	T	S	H	O	T	■	R	U	N	W	I	L	D

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